



THE AUBURN  
CIRCLE



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## THE INNER CIRCLE

It was one of those foggy mornings—you know, the effect of procrastinating two months to stay awake thirty-six straight hours writing a term paper on some engrossing subject like “Mervin Helville’s Metaphysical Uses of the Article ‘The’.” After typing for five hours, racing to Haley Center, running to my third floor classroom, and handing the worthless trash to an oblivious professor, I returned to my illegally parked car, grabbed my traffic ticket off the windshield, and roared home through the mist.

Of course sleep was physically impossible by the time I was ready to hit the sack. Tension pinned my eyelids wide open even though my dead brain had long since ceased to receive signals. Desperate, I turned on a sure-fire cure for insomnia: the boob tube.

At ten o’clock a.m. TV programming doesn’t offer much variety, only a toss-up between boring game shows and boring soap operas. But I’m a sucker for any form of fiction, so I switched on a soapie. The jukebox organ warbled an antique love-song as I sank into the sofa; pea-soup fog floated in as I watched a title fill the color screen. AS THE CIRCLE TURNS. That’s a strange name, I

thought feebly as I stretched out to doze through the first round of commercials.

Waking up, I saw the scene had opened in a tiny Alabama town, home of the South’s proudest football fans and, incidentally, the state’s only land-grant university—you guessed it, our dear old Auburn U. The show’s plot was tangled, but simple; its characters were manifold, but ordinary. However, one girl in particular grabbed my sympathy: a beleaguered campus magazine editor buried beneath a pile of ruined purchase orders crying, “Good Lord, deliver me!” Her best friend, a leukemia victim with fifteen minutes to live, dug her out and kissed her goodbye on his way to the hospital where he ran into his ex-wife who was recovering from her fifth miscarriage which was brought on by the news that her brother was arrested for the murder of their father whom he had caught in the act of .... Meanwhile, the liberated campus magazine editor wandered the countryside shining a flashlight in every face she encountered, demanding: “Who is the Average Auburn Woman? What’s she really like in 1975?”

She never found an adequate answer to her questioning, although she asked many people. Joe Blow, a senior in General Curriculum, told her: “Uh. . .awh, she’s just a good ol’ girl, like always.” Buster Blade, social chairman for the Iata Tamata fraternity, added: “She’s a delicious dish if you’re willing to spend the time and money. And I’ve got all the best recipes.” Suzi Smith, president of the Alpha Beta sorority, protested: “Now y’all, she’s a *good* girl, even if she does have her fun.” Jack Mountain, when stopped in Samford Park, smiled and cryptically sang, “Auld nature swears, the lovely dears/Her noblest work she classes O;/Her prentice han’ she tried on man,/An’ then she made the lasses O.”

Thoroughly confused, my soapie heroine then consulted sociology professor Harold S. Cochcrane, Ph. D. His official opinion was “She’s just a feather-brained broad looking for a husband, and she wastes my time (but



## LETTERS

I wouldn't mind so much if she'd start wearing skirts to class again)." Jane Blow, a pre-med student agreed: "Most of 'em are only out to get their 'Mrs.' degree." Pete Politico, SGA administrative vice-president for affairs, tried to cheer up the depressed researcher by declaring: "She's a vote; why, she's a new force in the power structure!"

"Don't kid yourself," sneered mild-mannered but hard-nosed Rita Grimspeak, campus newspaper editor. "She's as dumb as ever, maybe even less enlightened now than she was a few years ago." "Now, now, honey," consoled AU trustee Billy-Joe Bubble. "She's the cute little coed she's always been, and we've given her a dean of 'wildlife' to make sure she stays the same safe little Southern belle her parents raised her to be."

"But aren't there a lot of Auburn women who aren't students, who are secretaries and teachers and administrators? What about them?" mused my perplexed protagonist. She tried to talk to some of the secretaries, but most were too busy putting their husbands through school. Likewise, the female faculty members whom she contacted were too swamped grading papers to offer any help. By that time she was too exhausted to dig up the three administration women she knew existed.

Seeking solace, she rang up Elrod McKuen, the poet-sage of Pine Sap, Ark., (and, by the way, a contributor to the *Circle's* maiden issue). Alas, the line was busy. "The story of my life," she moaned. As a last resort, she petitioned War Eagle IV in his new sanctuary for an answer. He just fluffed a few feathers and squawked, "From up here they all look like sweet chicks to me."

I never found out what happened to that sad, anxious campus magazine editor. It's funny, I was never again able to find that soap opera on TV. If she had asked me who the Average Auburn Woman is, all I could have given her is the phrase Lillian Hellman used as the title of her memoir—"an unfinished woman." At this stage in the game, that's about all I can say for myself and for most of the rest of us as well. —Jan

Dear Ms. Cooper:

Having recently read my first *Circle*, the Fall 1974 issue, I am moved to write a letter to the editor, a literary task I seldom undertake. But I do have a certain wistful nostalgia when I read Auburn publications, and it moves me to comment upon their quality.

Let me say, first of all, that I agree completely with Dr. Andelson, whose letter to the editor appeared in the Fall edition. The article "Nobody Seems to Hear or Care" has about as much literary merit as two pages torn randomly from the Manhattan telephone directory, and it is only slightly more interesting than two such pages would be. I do disagree with Dr. Andelson in his opinion that Bunyan wrote "outstanding literature" from prison. Bunyan wrote some of the dullest and most uninspiring prose ever inflicted upon college students, and the public at large, in the history of the Republic, whether he was in or out of the slammer at the time. Also, if Dr. Andelson thinks that Ms. Jones' message was that she didn't like being in prison, then he should point out that it was exactly the same as Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Bosey's buddy may have been more eloquent in his poem than Ms. Jones in her diary, but the theme was identical.

Let me say, second of all, that I disagree completely with Ms. Cooper's remarks in *The Inner Circle*. She states, with tongue in cheek, I hope, that the *Letters* section is "capably launched in this issue by Dr. Robert V. Andelson, a man of rare epistolary eloquence." Had Dr. Andelson written his letter in the 18th Century, then I would agree with her critical estimate of his epistolary talent.

Let me say, lastly, that I think, overall, *The Circle* is excellent. It certainly is superior to one of its now forgotten predecessors known as *The Auburn Review* of some two decades ago.

Mitchell R. Sharpe

P.S. I did not take the time to read the article "Marijuana—Noble Weed or Noxious Herb" by Jerry Roden, Jr. There was no need to. Not only have I known Jerry Roden since he was known as the Daley of Pisgah, but I also have known both Weed and Herb Marijuana. Just to set the record right, Weed never became a Shriner; he dropped out of the lodge after squeaking through the third degree. And there was never a finer and more considerate fellow than Herb; he may have been boring at times, but never noxious—or even obnoxious.

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— Editor's Note

### A NOTE ON STYLE

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflects the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

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# FORUM:

## WOMEN STUDENT LEADERS SPEAK

BY LISA McLEAN

To determine how Auburn women are reacting to the increasing challenge to traditional male-female roles, the *Circle* invited seven women student leaders to discuss their lives as women leaders in the still male-dominated Auburn society.

Participating were Jan Cox, student senator; Glenda Earwood, president of Associated Women Students (AWS); Rheta Grimsley, editor of *The Auburn Plainsman*; Katherine Latvala, regional vice-president of Intercollegiate Associated Women Students and Auburn AWS executive cabinet member in charge of AWS-SCA relations; Virginia Martin, Miss Auburn; Ramsey McGowen, president of the Auburn-Opelika chapter of the National Organization for Women (NOW); and Debbie Richardson, past president of Women's Intramural Association and current vice president.

The panelists display distinctly individual outlooks, ranging from the semi-traditional to the quite liberal.

Yet, their similar experiences as women leaders have produced strikingly similar feelings of frustration, of advancement, of defeat, of triumph. Their hopes for women are much the same: equality with men, freedom for each woman to choose from many alternative life-styles, and acceptance of every person's individuality. They believe in themselves, in women, and in the hard work ahead for women interested in positive change.

**CIRCLE:** How do each of you feel as a woman in a leadership position at Auburn?

**JAN:** When I was first elected senator, I thought, "I can finally prove myself." In the South with its conservative views of women, the women just aren't supposed to do as important things as men do. Now, after being a senator for

two years and looking at how the girls stand at Auburn, it still seems that men are up on pedestals and women are just a little bit lower. The feeling is that the women are not capable of making their own decisions, which really belittles them. Leaving home and learning how to live, to take care of ourselves is a part of our education, and when I look at the overall situation here, I really feel frustrated.



*"I feel satisfied that some changes have come about, but I'd like to see a broadening of the horizons of women."*—Glenda Earwood

**DEBBIE:** I'm mostly concerned with athletics here on campus. I've been working for four years trying to bring women's athletics up, and our main problem is the men in the administration. They are a big setback because they don't understand why we want support and money from the university. We've proven our worth—we've won the state volleyball championship three out of four years—but when we went to nationals, we had to spend the night on the floor in the house of a friend because we had no money. It's awfully hard to run our program without more funds because other schools are beginning to offer scholarships to women athletes. If we don't get money to offer scholarships, then we can't get the quality players. Dr. Philpott said that we could offer scholarships, but when a girl went to

him to apply for one, he said that the only kind of scholarship for a woman would be for sports like football or baseball, and that she would have to outdo a man in the sport. I really thought we were making some progress, but when Dr. Philpott said that, it's like we were back where we started.

**CIRCLE:** How recent was that?

**DEBBIE:** Last weekend [November 17, 1974].

**CIRCLE:** Do you think the work you have done in the past four years has made any difference?

**DEBBIE:** Well, I think we're getting a lot more student support and a lot of support from the *Plainsman*, mainly through Rheta's influence.

**KATHERINE:** Rheta and I were talking recently about how women leaders have changed in the past four years that we've been here, and they really haven't changed that much. I know that when I came here, if you were a woman student (wanting to be a leader), not only did you have to have the qualities of leadership, but you had to have a high level of intelligence.

Men, however, required only leadership skills, and not this intelligence. This situation is true now to some extent—not to belittle the people in office; they are excellent—but it is almost like women have to go one step further and prove how smart they are. I think that little by little it is changing so that a woman can be a leader on the basis that she has leadership qualities, not necessarily a high level of intelligence. I think this is one reason why traditionally there haven't been more women leaders—they have had to meet more qualifications.

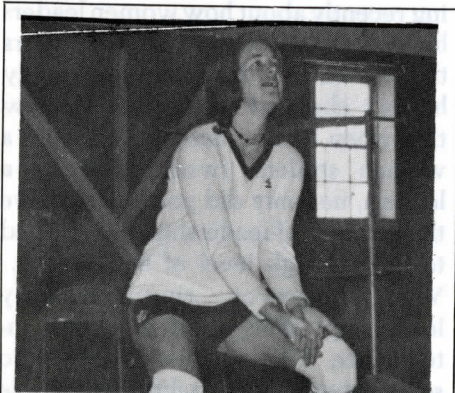
**RHETA:** I think that eventually women leaders at Auburn are defeated. I know when I was a freshman and sophomore, I was really hopeful. I wanted the situation to im-



prove. I guess last year I became angry and frustrated. Now I'm to the point that I want to get out. Women leaders have a hard time; I mean you've got a hard job to do in most cases and the attitudes of people make it even harder. Just having to battle your own feelings, telling yourself, "they didn't mean it that way" puts a strain on you, in addition to the work you have to do. It's a daily battle, and you eventually get tired of it. You just want to go out and see if the world is this way, hoping it's really not.

CIRCLE: Virginia, you and Glenda have more traditional roles of leadership; obviously only a woman can be Miss Auburn or head of AWS. How do you view your situation?

GLEND: I guess I take a more optimistic viewpoint, possibly because my role is different. I'm sure Auburn is still behind, but then I look at where we've come from—like in 1968 when Auburn women still had dress codes and could only wear shorts to labs, art classes, and the Glendean shopping center. I think Auburn has come a long way, but we've still got a long way to go.



*"I've been working for four years trying to bring women's athletics up, and our main problem is the men in the administration."*—Debbie Richardson

VIRGINIA: After listening to all of you, I feel kind of lucky. I really don't have all those problems, but one big disappointment to me has been that I wanted to change the role of Miss Auburn from the traditional "sex queen" to somebody with a brain. I just don't think of myself as a dumb broad. I don't like to sit around and have my picture taken from all angles—I'd rather be out doing something for the university. But it

seems like that's where the university wants to keep me—posing for pictures. I've offered my services every possible place and I do get calls but it frustrates me because it's always, "come speak here" and "kiss this" and "wear something sexy." I just want to say "hush" to them. I could be doing more worthwhile things for the university. However, I have to admit the glamour part is great, and I can't deny it's an ego booster.

CIRCLE: Ramsey may have a somewhat different view from the rest of you because she is connected with an off-campus organization.

RAMSEY: NOW enters a lot into the campus because about a third of our members are students and faculty. NOW is more politically active because it is a political type organization. It gets frustrating when you start lobbying for a candidate and you ask him about his position on the ERA and he says, "Well, here and now, yes—but don't expect me to support it if I go out and talk to the women at the mill." When politicians come out and tell you it's not politically feasible to support what you feel is very important, you think, "If only someone with a little influence had the courage to do something a little differently." Besides the frustration, it's sort of motivating too. You realize that some things have to be done, and someone must do them.

CIRCLE: It seems that one result of being a woman leader is frustration because people already have a set idea of what women should do. What do you think is the average Auburn woman's opinion of women leaders? Do they want to see some changes or do they want things to remain the same?

RAMSEY: This is really a difficult question. If I based my answer on the women I work with off-campus, I'd say yes, women want change and are willing to work hard for it. But when I sit in sociology class, I hear something completely different and it makes me wonder which opinion is the most common.

JAN: I wonder about that too. At Auburn you've got two or three different kinds of thinking. Some women have been brought up with the

traditional woman's role as an ideal: A woman is not supposed to be a leader, she's supposed to depend on her husband. Then there is the type who really wants to do something and prove herself. Then there're the women who are in-between. What really makes me mad is when somebody wants everyone else to go by certain conservative rules. This is especially true in the South where we have such conservative traditions.



*"I'd like to see President Philpott replaced with Dr. Vanlandingham of the Sociology Department; I'd like to see Coach Shug Jordan replaced with his wife Evelyn Jordan. Equalization would be my specific change."*—Rheta Grimsley

KATHERINE: That's what's so hard about trying to be a little bit progressive on Auburn's campus. You don't want to tell all the women "Hey look, you're thinking the wrong way." All you want to say is "There is an alternative." It's so hard for the traditional Southern belles to understand that nobody's trying to say they have to change their life, just that there is an alternative.

RHETA: Many women resent you because they think you are being critical of their lifestyle. They don't realize that you are just presenting an alternative.

CIRCLE: Do you feel that there is a conflict between being a woman and being a leader?

KATHERINE: Typically, I think a lot of women are afraid that if they assume leadership positions they will be de-feminized and become more masculine. I don't know how to stress this to women's libbers who feel it is important to de-feminize themselves, but it is so important that you do not become less feminine. You can be feminine and still be a leader. Why should a woman wear jeans all the



time, go without make-up, or try to make herself look horrid, just to prove she's a leader?



"NOW enters a lot into the campus because about a third of our members are students and faculty."—Ramsey McGowen

CIRCLE: What is feminine and what is masculine? You seem to make a really strong distinction.

KATHERINE: I don't really think there's any "feminine is" or "masculine is," but a woman who's proud she's a woman is a woman, and a man who is proud he is a man is a man. First be proud that you are a person.

GLEND: It's kind of like the poem by Stephen Vincent Benet. The woman in it ran the plantation, bossed all the slaves, directed the work around the house, nursed the sick, yet she had all the poise and charm needed in the ballroom. She was the typical Southern belle, yet a leader.

KATHERINE: It's so important to recognize the alternatives. We want women to realize that you can be a mother and a housewife and not want another career—and there is nothing wrong with that—as long as you realize that there are other alternatives and that the reason you don't want another career is because you don't want it, not because society says you can't have it. If a woman wants a relationship where her husband is dominant, I have nothing against it—if that's what she wants. I think really extreme women's libbers don't agree; but I think that the real progressiveness of women is that they can choose what's right for them as individuals.

RAMSEY: I have to disagree with what you say just a little. I think what you say is logical and rational and it would be wonderful if people would be that way. But I don't think people

are willing to accept that. I think the position we all want to be in is that of some individual choice, deciding for yourself what is best, whether it is being a homemaker or a Ph.D. But right now norms, history, tradition, and fear of change are in the way. We can plod along a little bit, but it takes a long time. I don't want to sound like I'm trying to force anything on anybody, but I think that until people see the extreme, they will be afraid to change. As an example: a few years ago, some women felt ostracized if they came out of college without being engaged or married; I really think they felt they had failed. Until some women radicals not only didn't get married, but didn't associate with men—well, this group of women in the extreme showed others the alternative of moderation.

CIRCLE: Most of you are involved in student politics here at Auburn. Do you plan to be involved in politics after you graduate?

GLEND: Well, if politics comes into the picture, who knows?

JAN: I used to think that I would, but there are some problems involved in being a politician. Personally I wouldn't feel safe.

RHETA: I plan to continue newspaper work after I graduate and be a journalist who watches politics.

RAMSEY: I would like to be involved in politics as someone who is aware and interested in working for issues.

KATHERINE: The very fact that you brought up that question of politics reminds me that so many women feel that it's necessary to go into politics to prove themselves, but that's not the only way.

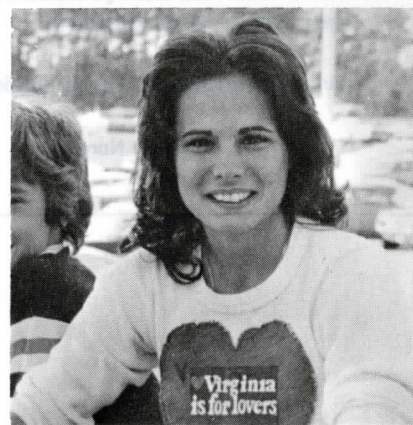
CIRCLE: If you could do one thing to improve Auburn or change it, what would that be?

RAMSEY: Until the students' meeting with the trustees, I thought that the biggest need was student awareness of what problems existed. I guess it is still a primary need, but maybe people are more aware than I thought.

KATHERINE: I think it's really sad that Auburn puts so little emphasis on academics. It is secondary to athletics and even to our conservative outlook. The academic atmosphere is really secondary, and I'd like to see that changed.

JAN: My major change would be with women: I'd like to see them treated as people with a brain. Right now, the way that we are still regulated, it's like we are children who can't make our own decisions. I'd like for women to be treated like they can take care of themselves.

GLEND: I feel satisfied that some changes have come about, but I'd like to see a broadening of the horizons of women. I'd like to make sure that women are aware that they don't have to be put in vocational roles of home economics or teaching unless it's right for them.



"I just wish everyone could accept people as individuals."—Virginia Martin

RHETA: Specifically, I would want equalization of male and female treatment for Auburn students, as far as rules and permissions are concerned, and also equalization of male and female faculty treatment. I'd like to see President Philpott replaced with Dr. Vanlandingham of the Sociology Department; I'd like to see Coach Shug Jordan replaced with his wife Evelyn Jordan. Equalization would be my specific change.

DEBBIE: I'd like to have equalization, especially in athletics.

VIRGINIA: I just wish everyone could accept people as individuals and respect their views, not associating with them for what their particular interests are or for what their sorority is, not always having to attach a label. This is a major problem for all of us; we all want to attach something. We all do this. If people could only be able to accept other people just as individuals; well, that's the whole world for me.



## CONFESSIONS OF THE SILENT LIBBER\*

I never burned a bra  
I don't subscribe to *Ms.*  
But yet I know what pay scale means  
And what a bias is.



I never staged a protest march  
Or stood a picket line.  
But if I don't see prejudice  
Then God, I must be blind.

\*(with apologies to Emily Dickinson)

—Annette Norris

## CONFESSIONS OF THE SILENT CHAUVINIST\*

I've never been an MCP  
I never read a *Ms.*  
But yet I know my magazines  
And where the foldout is.



If such female anatomy  
Insults the female mind  
Then I guess I'm a chauvinist  
And so is all "mankind."

\*(with apologies to Emily Dickinson and Annette Norris)

—Billy Leonard

## RAMBLINGS INSPIRED BY A BAR GIRL

That the poet is speaker of the truth is true.  
The chick at the bar told me.  
[ "Truth and water and scotch, waiter... on the rocks." ]  
She too is a poet...I hold these truths to be self-evident  
Soul-shaker ...salt merchant...pepper-witted juror.  
O these darling buds of May ...(How May I judge thee my Guinevere)  
Speak to me of the sun, the moon, and the stars.....  
Let me know I have a soul worth shaking...move me.  
[ "Two Martinis please" ] Launcelot awaits; ("How will she move me")  
Poeteers: perfect embodiment of all that can be. (Swill me.)  
Pour me a cup of starshine: Let me wish for even half-truths  
The bars will close, but poet's tongues will prattle on.  
(Tongue me baby. Finger my rustic mind. Pluck my heart-string  
Carmen.)  
Neon-lighted virgin girl;  
How many Wordsworths have you mothered or smothered  
released or retired?  
[ "No olives in the next one, Sam" ... ]  
I'll be your sonnet tonight.

—by John Brown





# — Lambskin —

FICTION BY MARY LOLLAR

Blessed solitude!

For the first time in her five years with him she was alone with only her thoughts, the arthritic grey cat he had brought home one stormy night two years ago, and the lifeless thing at the foot of the bed.

Sprawled across their king-size bed that he had refused to share with her, she gently stroked the cat lying pensively at her side. Though she disliked cats, she felt a mutual understanding with the one at her fingers: it had suffered his temper, also. She well remembered the night he staggered into her room drunker than she had ever seen him; he was slinging the cat

about wildly, shouting: "This damn animal tripped me on the stairs!" God, she wished he would have fallen the full flight.

Gazing at the horrid floral prints hanging above the cluttered desk, she recalled the afternoon he had picked them out. It was a week before their wedding, and they were shopping for some household ornaments when he spotted a collection of prints. She still could see his smile tighten and icy cold eyes glitter as he had held two for her inspection. He had said how lovely they would look in their new house. Not wishing to create a scene in the Home Furnishings Department, she

consented to his buying the black flowers on blue backing.

Fluffing the cat's fur, she thought of those first weeks together filled with mutual resentment. They had married for convenience only; his parents were of the right breeding, and hers had the money to complement his fine name.

As her eyes wandered about the room she noticed the large, overstuffed recliner at the far corner window. He had bought the burgundy chair for her thirty-fifth birthday—though he knew their room was soft lavender and white. "It's so beautiful; you mustn't take it back. Besides, it was on sale!" So it remained in the only space large enough—the far corner by the only window in their bedroom.

Her own collection of books held her eyes briefly. She had once found comfort between their well-worn covers when alone at night. But even they repelled her now. The hours spent with them while he had stayed away were stale and void, though their tales carried her to other worlds unattainable. They reminded her of him.

Next to the only attractive piece in the room—the antique desk she had refinished herself—hung his picture gallery. Frames of gold outlined portraits of his parents, and one small, oval wooden frame held her likeness. In the center of the family he had nailed his own picture. She suddenly thought how god-like he seemed behind the pane of glass protecting him from the household dust.

Hearing an excited purr, she reached for the cat beside her only to fondle the lambskin at the foot of the bed. Only this bit of fur brought a smile to her lips. He had loathed the skin when she first presented it to him on their fifth wedding anniversary a week ago. He had called it "a useless covering with no life beneath it." She laughed and tossed it on the bed, saying: "It is perfect; sleep under it every night."

Her hand slid idly along the fluff bulging in places, receding in others. Murmuring to the cat now preening herself, she mused, "We've waited long enough, my pet. He must be buried this very afternoon, or the lambskin will be ruined."



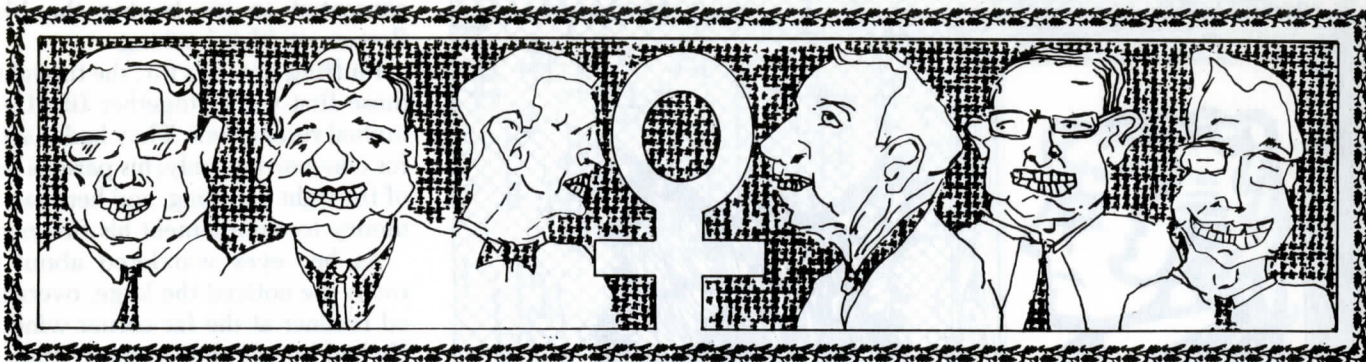


Illustration: Tom Neligan

# HAPPY IN THE LAND OF FUDDY DUDDY OLD MEN

BY ANNETTE NORRIS AND JAN COOPER

When concern about women's rights periodically rises at Auburn University, it usually springs from the problems of female students: their dress codes, their student association, or their dormitory rules. However, there is another group of women at Auburn whose rights have grown in the last twenty years. Yes, the days when female faculty—especially those married to faculty—were automatically paid lower salaries than their male counterparts are gone, at least from official policy. Wives and husbands are no longer expressly forbidden to hold jobs in the same department, although they are sometimes discouraged from doing so. The Office of Civil Rights of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare acting under the authority of an Executive Order which, as of 1968, prohibits sex discrimination by federal contractors, has even pressured Auburn University to hire more women to fill faculty positions.

If you want to check the results of all this progress, look at your handy 1975 *Auburn University Bulletin*. You'll find that there is one woman listed among the "General Administrative Officers" (Dean Cater, who else?), one woman listed as an "Academic Administrative Officer" (Dean Ruth L. Galbraith of the School of Home Economics, naturally). As for faculty, the latest figures available (obtained from the A.U. Office of Statistical Analysis) show that out of 941 total faculty members at or above the rank of in-

structor, 161 (17.1%) are female. Of those 161 women, 27% are tenured, as compared to 60% of the male faculty. Only eight women are full professors, and there are only three female department heads, none of whom are ranked as full professors.

At the beginning of winter quarter, 1975, the *Circle* decided to try to find out how women faculty members felt about their jobs. Questionnaires were sent to 160 women employed in the ranks of instructor, assistant professor, associate professor, and professor; 96 (60%) were returned. Most of the women who responded were generally very well satisfied. The level of overall job satisfaction reported rose as rank rose: assistant professors were more satisfied than instructors, just as associate professors were more satisfied than assistant professors, and full professors were the most satisfied of all who answered.

Of those who responded, women in all ranks expressed least satisfaction with their salaries. Many who answered the questionnaires explained that they attributed their unsatisfactory salaries to the state of the U.S. economy. Actually, most of the 1975 salaries reported in the ranks of instructor, assistant professor, and associate professor fell into the average salary range for those ranks university-wide, as reported in 1973-74 by the Office of Statistical Analysis. A few were above the range and a few were below. Across-the-board raises

given in some schools since the 1973-74 figures were compiled may have raised the university-wide ranges, making the 1975 salaries reported on the *Circle* questionnaires a little below average, but according to the latest obtainable data, only the full professors who responded were paid below average salaries.

The widespread satisfaction reported seemed almost contradicted by the concern for confidentiality which some of the women demonstrated. Whether by oversight or intention, seventeen women did not report which academic school they taught in, even though the *Circle* promised to withhold any identifying personal information which they reported. Of course, one simple explanation for this reticence may be the time-honored faculty custom of never discussing salaries (a major item on the questionnaires).

In any case, the most interesting answers given on the questionnaires were the comments made on specific problems which the faculty women have known in the past or worry about in the present. Several women complained that their sex automatically determined their job assignments or altered their colleagues' attitudes toward them. When asked if she had noticed any bias, one woman answered: "Yes, in few assignments to professional courses, in hours scheduled for classes, in office space, and in telephone and other services."



Another woman said that her department head had asked her to perform secretarial duties that he would not have asked a man in her rank to do. "My employer asked me to try to encourage a man to come teach in the department—not because of my knowledge, but plainly because of my looks," one woman wrote. A woman particularly concerned about the condescending attitudes of her colleagues told us that the women in her department are the only members responsible for social plans or gift-buying. Another woman noted that bias could be beneficial: "I was not assigned to teach in distant lecture halls while equal status males were so assigned," but she was assigned "student club activities which carry no rewards."

Some women complained that they were not allowed to participate in departmental decision-making because of their sex. "Male faculty members have stated to me on several occasions that women are unwelcome here," one woman told us, "and I have been denied participation in much decision-making because of that." Another woman mentioned that past decisions in her department sometimes were made during gatherings "over beer after hours" to which she was not invited, but her situation improved when a new department head was hired.

One of the most serious concerns many of the women expressed was for the treatment of married faculty women. Evidently married faculty women face special problems ranging from discrimination in football ticket orders to lower salary scales. Some of the married women who returned questionnaires said that they felt extra pressure from family duties. One woman ruefully admitted: "Time for career development goes with dirty diapers and dishwasher." On the other hand, an overwhelming number of women reported that they had never been absent from their jobs due to pregnancy or child care. One woman humorously added: "My dog is very self-sufficient."

Several of the married women who responded felt "trapped" because their family responsibilities prevented them from moving to a university

where their abilities would be more appreciated. A single woman observed that married faculty women often are considered "appendages" rather than individuals. An example of this form of exploitation was given by the woman who wrote: "My husband (ex now) was making \$1500 more than I with the same degree and experience." She further declared: "If I am not given at least a \$2500 raise and assistant professor status when I receive my doctorate, I will leave Auburn as soon as possible."

A few faculty members in the School of Home Economics voiced frustration over the university's treatment of Auburn's largest traditional female domain. One woman wrote: "Our offices and classrooms in this building [Spidle Hall] are not cleaned as they are in primarily male academic buildings—I guess they figure females are first 'housekeepers' then faculty." She also asserted that "the predominately male faculty in other schools do not initially feel that we can do quality research." Another woman in Home Economics added: "Our students face sex discrimination from faculty members outside this school."

Concern for students and their academic opportunities at Auburn was expressed by several women who did not find problems with students to be a result of sex-discrimination in particular. One woman said that she is "frustrated by the students' lack of concern for their studies." She also remarked: "I feel that undue emphasis is put on publications at the expense of teaching ability. I perceive the faculty as being passive, nonproductive, uninvolved in their jobs." Another woman suggested that Auburn needs "updating of management in some areas, better libraries, and better maintenance."

Despite the variety of problems discussed in comments on the questionnaires, most of the responses indicated that the AU faculty women are a well-satisfied lot. Many offered positive comments that range from the ambiguous to the ecstatic to the ironic: "Auburn is still a school run by fuddy duddy old men, but this has little to do with age or sex." "Auburn has been exceedingly good to me! I appreciate it

too." "I'm very happy, but then I'm not very ambitious and I don't have to prove anything to anybody." On the basis of our survey, it seems reasonable to conclude that AU is safe from any militant feminist faculty uprisings in the near future, but there are women who harbor serious complaints, if not outright bitterness.



Breaking a cobweb  
I enter the doorway  
to some almost-  
forgotten yesterday  
Looking,  
I see  
dustcovered toys  
and  
an old sofa  
its ornate flowers  
now wilting away  
from an ever-progressing  
mold  
all illuminated through  
the brown air  
by a pale  
dusky light which  
filters through  
the filmy draperies  
at the window

Running my finger  
gently across  
the dusty  
fireplace mantel  
I see  
my rockingchair  
(I hope you don't mind if I sit)  
Rocking back and  
and forth  
The grimy floor squeaks  
its delight I sit  
waiting for footsteps  
never to come  
and  
maybe in a little while  
I think I might  
open that streaked window  
and  
let some fresh  
air  
in

—Jim Wallace



# OH SIR, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WOMEN'S LIBERATION?

BY MARY LOLLAR

"No, it's not for my own information that I ask if you will marry only a virgin."

"Apprehensive" is the only way I can describe how I felt when asked to research Auburn males' attitudes toward women's liberation. Truthfully, I had never wondered much about what lurks in the minds of chauvinist pigs.

To my surprise, I enjoyed talking to everyone. I limited my project to several conversations with an English instructor, a student government officer, and a close friend (yes, we're still close friends) as well as a sampling of male students in two university classes. I didn't try to conduct an in-depth analysis of the male thinking pattern; I only skimmed the surface of the attitudes of a handful of Auburn men, hoping to stir up some interest in the

subject. The questions I asked were ones I have heard speculated on by curious women, but seldom mentioned to those who could give the answers—men. I expected all Auburn men to react similarly, but they didn't. Instead their responses reflected a wide variety of different views.

The English instructor, for example, expressed the opinion most close to my own. In effect he said: "I believe in human liberation. Why limit fulfillment and freedom of expression to one sex?" he asked. Men and women, when battling over dominance disregard fundamental human equality. Acceptance of people as just that—human beings—is the essence of liberation, not hostility toward an opponent whose only fault is that he is saddled with society's expectations. The instructor believed that far too few women are fighting for acceptance as human beings, as are too few

men seeking to free themselves from stereotyped roles of masculinity. Asked if he was aware of discrimination on the basis of sex at Auburn, he cited several examples of unequal pay scales and faculty prejudice. Did the women affected bring court actions against the university for the discrimination? "No," he answered, "not to my knowledge." He felt that these women have been too shackled by inhibitions to fight for the higher pay they desire and deserve.

The student government officer also expressed the belief that most Auburn women were complacent. "I don't feel that women's lib has been an issue here," he remarked, and the fact that it was not intrigued him. What considerations were foremost in selecting members for SGA committees? His candid answer: capability and dependability. Does sex make a difference as to who is appointed? "Sometimes, for instance in sorority and fraternity relations." He went on to say that in most instances friction between men and women working with him was minimal. He also added that he thought that very few women were as aggressive as men in SGA work. Personally he felt that women are equal to men, and they now can choose what they want to do. "If a woman chooses to become a housewife, O.K. If she looks for a career, fine." Did he envision a woman as SGA president in the near future? "Definitely!"

Not all the men I talked to were as open-minded as the English instructor and the SGA official. The shortest interview began and ended with one remark: "I like a woman who knows her place." Some of the comments offered by men who answered the questionnaires included: "Lots of questions I stand in the middle of the road on. I would like for a woman to stand up, but if you are talking about marriage, I would have to have the final say." "If some women take themselves too seriously, it makes them less feminine; but I think that most of them strike an even balance between independence and being sexually attractive." Note the implication that "being sexually attractive" means being dependent. One commentator wisely wrote: "Who cares?"

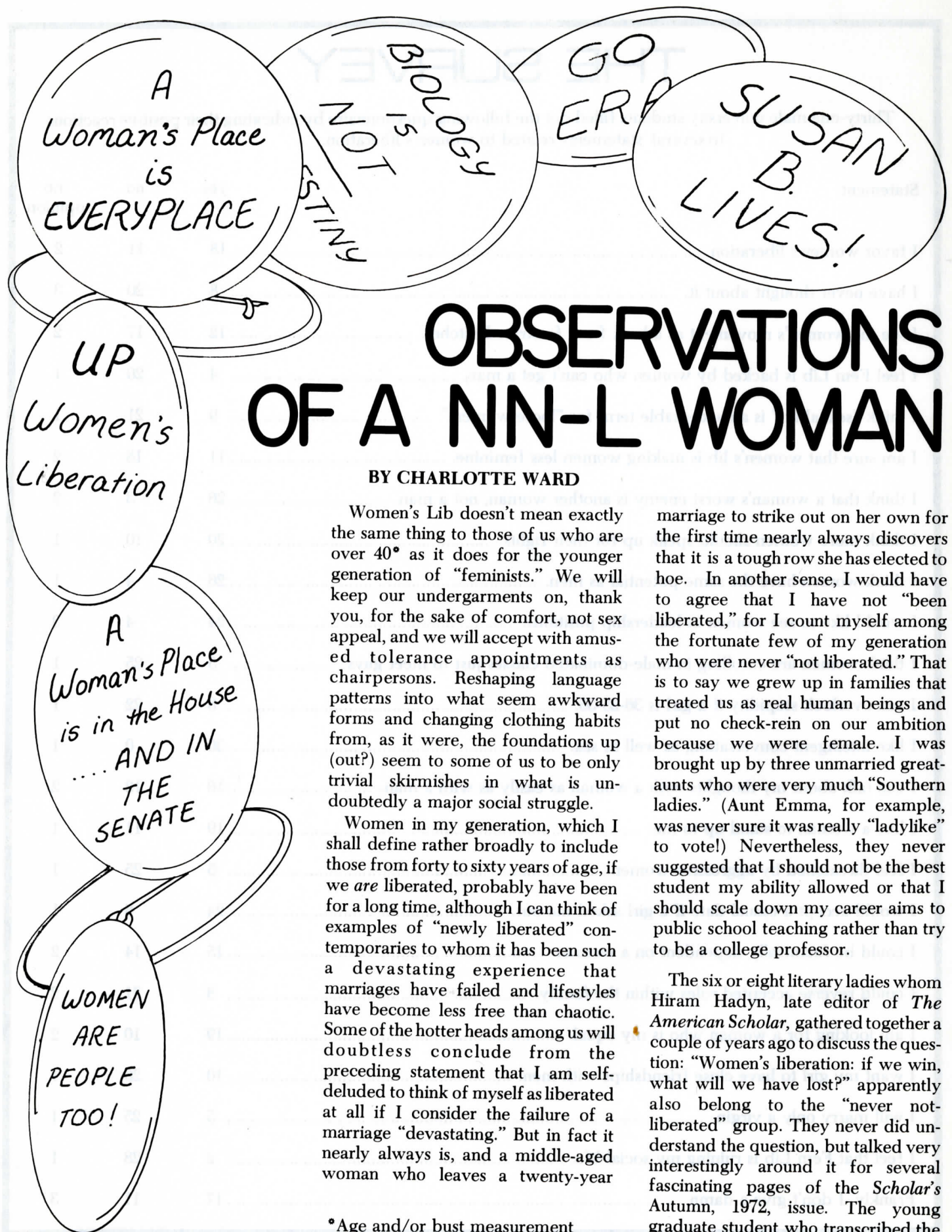


# THE SURVEY

Thirty-one male university students filled out the following questionnaire by indicating their positive reactions to several statements related to women's liberation.

Statement:	yes	no	no opinion
I favor women's liberation. ....	18	11	2
I have never thought about it. ....	8	20	3
I see the women's movement as a bark from frustrated bitches. ....	12	17	2
I feel Fem Lib is backed by women who can't get a man. ....	4	26	1
I think "sexual lib" is an acceptable term for "loose women." ....	9	21	1
I am sure that women's lib is making women less feminine. ....	11	18	2
I think that a woman's worst enemy is another woman, not a man. ....	26	3	2
I think more women should speak up for their rights. ....	20	10	1
I think women have the same potential as men. ....	26	4	1
I would like to see women in leadership positions. ....	24	4	3
I think women are enrolling in male-dominated classes just to meet guys. ....	5	25	1
I can overlook stupidity if a girl is 36-25-36. ....	8	22	1
I like intelligent conversation, as well as sex. ....	30	0	1
I can talk about my thoughts with a woman as easily as with a man. ....	16	13	2
I like a woman to stand up to me. ....	19	11	1
I feel threatened by aggressive women. ....	5	25	1
I would accept a casual date if a girl asked me out. ....	24	6	1
I could be financially dependent on a woman. ....	15	14	2
I could reverse accepted roles within the family. ....	8	21	2
I am looking for a woman who is my equal. ....	19	10	2
I want my girl to have close friendships with men. ....	10	20	1
I will marry only a virgin. ....	5	25	1
I feel that Fem Lib is ruining my social life. ....	2	28	1
Frankly, I don't give a damn. ....	17	11	3





# OBSERVATIONS OF A NN-L WOMAN

BY CHARLOTTE WARD

Women's Lib doesn't mean exactly the same thing to those of us who are over 40\* as it does for the younger generation of "feminists." We will keep our undergarments on, thank you, for the sake of comfort, not sex appeal, and we will accept with amused tolerance appointments as chairpersons. Reshaping language patterns into what seem awkward forms and changing clothing habits from, as it were, the foundations up (out?) seem to some of us to be only trivial skirmishes in what is undoubtedly a major social struggle.

Women in my generation, which I shall define rather broadly to include those from forty to sixty years of age, if we *are* liberated, probably have been for a long time, although I can think of examples of "newly liberated" contemporaries to whom it has been such a devastating experience that marriages have failed and lifestyles have become less free than chaotic. Some of the hotter heads among us will doubtless conclude from the preceding statement that I am self-deluded to think of myself as liberated at all if I consider the failure of a marriage "devastating." But in fact it nearly always is, and a middle-aged woman who leaves a twenty-year

marriage to strike out on her own for the first time nearly always discovers that it is a tough row she has elected to hoe. In another sense, I would have to agree that I have not "been liberated," for I count myself among the fortunate few of my generation who were never "not liberated." That is to say we grew up in families that treated us as real human beings and put no check-rein on our ambition because we were female. I was brought up by three unmarried great-aunts who were very much "Southern ladies." (Aunt Emma, for example, was never sure it was really "ladylike" to vote!) Nevertheless, they never suggested that I should not be the best student my ability allowed or that I should scale down my career aims to public school teaching rather than try to be a college professor.

The six or eight literary ladies whom Hiram Hadyn, late editor of *The American Scholar*, gathered together a couple of years ago to discuss the question: "Women's liberation: if we win, what will we have lost?" apparently also belong to the "never not-liberated" group. They never did understand the question, but talked very interestingly around it for several fascinating pages of the *Scholar's* Autumn, 1972, issue. The young graduate student who transcribed the

\*Age and/or bust measurement



conversation and added (by invitation) her own comments understood it, though, for she had come from a different background of expectations, and was in the midst of her own struggle for liberation.

The women I know who fall into the "never not-liberated" category have, on the whole, led and are leading very satisfactory and well-proportioned lives. It is not that we never met opposition; all of us did—from relatives or college advisors or graduate research directors or prospective (or actual) employers. But we were self-confident and determined (and, admittedly, capable) enough to reach our career goals anyway. Most of us are married; many of us are close to or just past our "silver anniversary"; we have seen some of our children graduate from college and pursue their own careers. Some of our daughters are "career women" too. Others are concentrating on their own new families. We accept their choices, as we have asked to be accepted, as individuals who ought not to be crammed into any mold, not even their mothers'.

The attitude toward marriage of the more radical young feminists is probably the most frightening aspect of women's liberation to conventional society, because it seems to threaten society's most basic fabric. Perhaps I am unduly optimistic, but I believe this, too, will pass. I base my optimism on the experience of the "NN-L" group. It is understandable that a girl who wants to have her own career but who is being nagged and pressured by her mother and other close relatives to "marry and settle down" and fill her traditional "woman's place" will feel that marriage is a trap and a threat to her personhood, and therefore to be avoided. For us who grew up without that pressure, marriage could be a freely chosen addition to a life already worthwhile and enjoyed for its enormous enrichment of that life.

Family counselors frequently comment on the fact that one of the most dangerous pressures on a marriage comes from the wife's demanding all of her satisfactions from it. If her marriage and her family constitute her "whole life," the wife may come to resent any independent action—or

thought—on the part of her husband and children as a rejection or diminishing of herself. The family structure is strained and may fail because too much is asked of it by the member who has no other existence or meaning outside it.

Of course, there are vast numbers of stable marriages in which the conventional husband takes it for granted that he and his children will constitute his wife's whole life and that she will be content and have no further expectations. And often he is right. Yet it was Betty Friedan's "revolutionary" finding a few years ago that he was often wrong and that a surprising number of women did feel incomplete, under-involved, and vaguely discontent about it.

Such a situation is usually extremely hard to change because it requires the changing of so many persons' attitudes and expectations—the husband's, above all, but also the children's, the parents', the inlaws', and even those of a widening circle of friends. If acceptance of the woman's changed role is not forthcoming from most of those close to her, she must be a hardy soul indeed to persist in her new course.

The woman who is self-directed (NN-L) before marriage and serious about her own career is less likely to marry a man with conventional ideas about woman's place. She is more likely to choose, and be chosen by, a man who is secure enough in his own personhood to allow her to be secure in hers. Unfortunately, such "NN-L" men are about as rare as "NN-L" women, for boys are brought up as strictly to fill conventional roles as girls are.

Undoubtedly it will take a long time—a generation, at least—for any substantial change to come about in the role expectations boys and girls are taught from their earliest years. In the meantime, there will be a considerable amount of turmoil and individual unhappiness as old roles become unacceptable to women "on the rise" and as men learn not to feel "threatened" because they must become colleagues instead of masters. But from where I stand, it seems that women's liberation must eventually become "human liberation," with each person free to choose, within the context of a diverse

society, to fulfill his or her potentialities and use his or her talents in any of a variety of directions. Undoubtedly, women will still have the babies, 100% of the time. But if some men are more suited to raising them than their wives, so be it. Biological determinism hasn't got nearly the universal scope that used to be assumed.

Conventional religion has often come under attack as the enemy of women's liberation and one of the strongest forces for women's enslavement. I speak now as a rather orthodox Christian in whose life the church has always played a major role. The Christian Church has been a molder of society, it is true, but it has also necessarily been a product of society. One of my heroes, that falsely accused anti-feminist, the Apostle Paul, urged the slaves of his day to fulfill their Christian duty by serving their masters well. Yet, slow-acting as it was, the Christian doctrine of all men's value in the sight of God led to the abolition of slavery in the Christian world. I have faith that we will eventually realize that "all men" includes women. Surely God would not have squandered talents for me to bury if he condemned the male servant in the parable for burying his!

You can't tell young people this—they simply don't hear you—but social change, even in a time when technological change is creating "future shock," is slow. We've come a long way (although taking up such an unhealthful and air-polluting habit as smoking seems to me a deplorable way of showing it!), but we still have a way to go. But most important, we're going to make it.



two tracks  
cold steel bars  
coming from nowhere  
going somewhere  
never together  
but always  
in the same place

—Jim Wallace





Illustration: Barbara Ball

# The China Doll



## FICTION BY ROSA TRAINHAM

I always knew it was nearing Christmas because of the scent of oranges in the house. Coming downstairs every morning, I met an array of smells—the bacon Mammy cooked for breakfast, the furniture oil Peanut rubbed lavishly into the old woods that filled the house, my grandfather's pipe—a million smells, but one scent stood out stronger and fresher than any of the others, the scent of oranges. We had fruit in the house all year, but the oranges were a Christmas treat, big oranges sent to us from relatives in Florida, bringing with them thoughts of wide, clean, open spaces where everything was springtime.

Today when I smell oranges I remember my eleventh Christmas. The excitement at Christmas was stronger than any I had ever felt because my father was coming home on leave to spend Christmas with me. I had not seen my father for almost two years and certainly didn't expect him home for Christmas.

Daddy called the day before Christmas Eve. The rainy weather had confined me to the cool dampness of my grandparents' house. The fire Big Daddy had lit that morning in my bedroom had almost gone out, and it did little to dry the musty, bone-chilling air that always seemed to drift upstairs to my room. By noon I had exhausted all my usual rainy day activities. Peanut, the maid, ran me out of the kitchen after my efforts at helping with the Christmas cooking failed miserably.

My grandfather was out at the shed working on a tractor, and Mammy was entertaining some old women in the living room when I remembered the trunk in the stair closet. My cousins, who lived across a dirt road from Mammy's house, said that Big Daddy kept a fortune in Confederate gold in that trunk. I never really believed gold was in the trunk, but I figured it wouldn't hurt to look, especially since both Mammy and Big Daddy were busy and wouldn't come looking for me.

Mammy kept the parlor closed off during the winter because it was so

hard to keep warm. It was more like a hall than a parlor, but it had an old sofa and a few chairs so we called it a parlor. At one end of the parlor were two French doors leading into the dining room, and the other end led out onto a sun porch where I spent half my summertime hours. On the right side of the parlor were two doors and the stairs. One of the doors went to the living room where Mammy always had her old women parties and the other door opened into the closet under the stairs where the trunk lay hidden.

I got an old sweater on and tip-toed downstairs so Mammy wouldn't hear me. Just in case she had heard me, I slammed the door to their bedroom so she would think I had gone out of the parlor. I walked back across the parlor, opened the door, and turned on a bare light bulb that hung suspended from the ceiling on a frayed, cotton-covered wire. Even without the trunk the closet would have been a place of mystery to me. There were two old-time telephones from when my grandfather had worked for the telephone company, an elephant's foot from God knows where, and an old victrola that still played. Mammy kept all her photographs in the closet, and I looked through them for about thirty minutes before I remembered the trunk.

The trunk was small, no bigger than a foot-stool, and I had to look under some khaki britches before I found it. The trunk wasn't locked, but just when I was opening it the telephone rang. I waited a second to be sure Mammy answered the telephone and then continued my treasure hunt. I didn't find gold in the trunk; instead I found piles of soft, red and white peppermint sticks. My grandfather always had a piece of peppermint in his shirt pocket, and I had never been able to figure where it came from. I dug through the candy and found an old pipe and a small silver box about the size of Mammy's cigarette case. Inside the box was a portrait of my mother.

When Momma died I was eight years old. Daddy took down all the pictures of her and sent me to live with my grandparents in Selma. The small portrait in the trunk must have been painted when she was about twenty-one, before she married Daddy. Mam-

my told me when Momma died that she had gone to heaven to be an angel, but I knew Momma could never be an angel because she laughed too much. About all I knew of angels was what my imagination could conjure from what I'd heard in church. I wondered what Momma was going to do in heaven with a bunch of balding old men whose faces shone from the brightness of their halos, but I didn't dare ask Mammy.

"Caroline! Caroline! Where are you, child?" Mammy was calling me. I slammed the trunk top down without closing the picture box, hastily covered it back up and ran into the kitchen, rattling the French doors behind me.

"What were you doing in that closet, child?" She knew so fast.

"I was playing with those old telephones, Mammy."

"Well, haven't I told you to stay out of there?"

"Yes ma'am." I waited for her warning about a whipping with the flyswatter but none came.

"Guess what, child. Your daddy's coming home to spend Christmas with you. He's at Fort Benning now, but he'll be here in the morning." My father coming home! I couldn't believe it. I ran and grabbed Mammy around the waist to hug her.

"Mammy, why didn't you let me speak to him on the phone?" She looked at me and grinned.

"He wants to surprise you, child. I told you so you could get fixed up pretty for him."

Fixed up pretty. I knew what that meant. Patent leather shoes would have to be shined with a cold biscuit, my hair would have to be curled so tight 'til my brains would nearly burst, and worst of all, I would have to wear a dress.

"But Mammy," I whined, "Daddy won't recognize me all fixed up. Please don't make me wear a dress."

"Hush, child. Now you go play and we'll see about what you'll wear for your daddy later on."

Fixing up pretty wasn't the only thing I was worried about. I didn't have any money for a Christmas present for Daddy. I had spent my



allowance on pipe tobacco for Big Daddy and talcum powder for Mammy, and I didn't know what to do. I didn't eat much for supper, and I stayed awake in the darkness wondering what my father would act like and what I could give him for Christmas. When I came down for breakfast the next morning the smell of oranges was everywhere. Their scent clung to even the dank air of the parlor making it sweet and fresh. I had managed to avoid having my hair curled, but had finally agreed to wearing a dress when Daddy came.

When I walked into the kitchen Daddy was sitting at the table. He grinned at me, and I just stared at him. My dress was hanging in my closet upstairs because he wasn't supposed to arrive as early as he did. Mammy gave my jeans a stern, disapproving look.

"Say hello to your father, child," she snapped at me.

"Hello, Daddy," I said softly.

"Come here, baby. Let me look at my little girl." We both looked at each other, and I noticed his blond hair was a little longer now with a few gray strands, but his blue eyes were like before. They had none of the iciness of Mammy's blue eyes. They were warm and merry. He smelled like Old Spice mixed with tobacco, and when he finally hugged me, I almost cried.

"Look what I brought you, baby. All the way from Germany." He handed me a heavy box that had been lying on top of the freezer. I tore into it so quickly that everyone at the table laughed at me. Inside was a china doll—the most beautiful doll I had ever seen. Her hair was painted yellow and she had tiny blue eyes. Her cheeks were a delicate pink and her lips formed a small rosebud. Her dress was made of pale blue satin trimmed with lace.

"Daddy, this is beautiful! Look at her dress! She's so perfect." Daddy just smiled, but I could tell he was proud that I was pleased. I took the doll up to my bedroom and put her on a shelf with the rest of my toys and books. When I went back downstairs my Uncle Frank from across the road had come in with several of my cousins to see Daddy. They were talking over old

times together so I sat down without saying anything.

"Jimmie," Uncle Frank was talking, "You remember Johnnie Portslander, Shrimp's sister? Saw her yesterday in Tillman's and she's gone and married Jack Harris."

"Whatever happened to Shrimp? He was a good old boy."

"He married some woman from Colloville, and they live out from Prattville."

"I might try and get over to see him if I get time this afternoon. Sweetheart, would you like to go on a drive with me?" Daddy asked, handing me a piece of pumpkin pie Mammy had sliced for me. I nodded, stuffing the pie down my throat, and ran outside to play with Freddy, my youngest cousin.

We walked out to the hay barn to swing on an old piece of cable that hung down from a beam in the roof of the barn. Soon Mike, David, and Duke, my other cousins, joined us, and we played King and Queen on the bales of hay. The boys took turns playing King, but I always got to be Queen because I was the only girl. In a little while Daddy appeared in the door of the barn and said,

"Caroline, come on and let's ride over to Prattville."

I ran out of the barn and walked beside him to the car. The trip to Prattville was fun because Daddy told me all about Germany where he had been stationed for the past two years. He said it snowed so hard sometimes that it covered up cars and trucks and that children played barefooted in the snow. Then he began to talk about Shrimp.

"Caroline, this Shrimp Portslander used to be my best friend all through high school. He was smart, Good Lord, he was smart! And clean—there wasn't a speck of dust to be found in the Portslander house. They came from Holland, at least Shrimp's father and mother did, and I guess cleanliness and intelligence were just bred into them."

When we got to Prattville we had a hard time finding anyone who knew Shrimp. Finally someone told us he lived out the old Swamp Road, so we went down it looking for him. The road was bumpy and frightening and

several places were almost too muddy for us to get through from the rain the day before. Trees hung over it and the moss that hung down looked like witches' hair or someone's long old fingers reaching to get me out of the car.

The road led right up to the edge of the swamp and there, in a small clearing, was Shrimp's house. Two ragged children were out in the yard feeding chickens and two more were feeding pigs. Daddy had a strange look on his face as we went up and knocked on the door. After Daddy's description I didn't believe Shrimp really lived there.

A woman answered the door and said she was Shrimp's wife. She looked like a witch born from the trees we had passed coming down the Swamp Road. Her hair was stringy and greasy, and her eyes sunk way back in her head. Her nose was long and humpy and several of her teeth were missing. A baby was coughing over in one corner, but the room was so dim I couldn't see it.

The woman yelled for Shrimp to come out and with him appeared two more children. Shrimp was blond but not like Daddy. His hair fell down in graying greasy shocks across his forehead. His blue eyes had a lost vacant look. Tobacco juice ran in a crooked stream out of his mouth across the bearded stubble of his chin. His bare feet and overalls were filthy.

Daddy spoke to Shrimp and at first it seemed as if he didn't recognize Daddy. They sat down to talk so I sat down in a quilt-covered chair near the baby. The woman came over and asked me if I had any brothers and sisters. She talked so fast I could hardly understand her, like Peanut when she got mad at me.

"This here youngun's got a whole passel of brothers 'n' sisters. Sometimes I just look up and wonder if they's all mine." She picked up the baby who had been coughing the whole time and kissed its cheek.

"I reckon you might hold the baby if you got a mind to, girl. I ain't never seen a girl yet who didn't want to grab up a baby ever' time she seen it," she said, placing the baby gently in my arms.



"What you got there, Caroline?" Daddy grinned at me holding a baby in my arms. I brushed a speck of cereal from the baby's face and noticed that her cheeks were hot. Daddy looked at Shrimp and asked,

"What do you think of my little lady, Shrimp? Isn't she the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"She's a fine one, Jimmie," Shrimp said. "She sure does have good manners. You know, children today just don't have no manners." Shrimp spat a long stream of tobacco juice through a small hole in the window pane which looked like it had been knocked out with a rock.

"Well, Shrimp, I reckon I better get this little lady on back home 'fore it gets to be too late. She's gonna have to get up mighty early if she wants to catch old Santa Claus." He looked at Shrimp and winked. Shrimp gave a kind of half-grin and said he reckoned Daddy was right.

Daddy promised to look Shrimp up next time he came home, and Shrimp said he'd come by and check on me next time he got over to Selma. I gave the baby back to the woman and thanked her for letting me hold her. Then we left, and I noticed Daddy's eyes looked cloudy like something was bothering him.

The drive home was very quiet. Daddy didn't seem to want to talk, but I had a million questions to ask him.

"Daddy, why did she talk so fast?"

"She was a Cajun'."

"What's that?"

"A person from Louisiana," he said quietly.

"Why was the baby coughing? Wonder what was wrong with it?"

"Caroline, that baby probably had a cold. Don't you cough when you get colds?"

"Oh! Yessir!" I said nothing else.

It was dark when we got home, and Mammy had gotten one of her fruit-cakes down from the top pantry shelf where she kept them wrapped in bourbon-soaked towels. She gave me a cup of eggnog with nutmeg sprinkled on top and then sent me to bed early because it was Christmas Eve. I slept but not rested because the afternoon's trip was bothering me, and

I still didn't have a Christmas gift for my father.

I got up early the next morning and ran down to the living room to see what I'd gotten for Christmas. I bypassed the new pajamas, the jewelry box and the endless games for the present in the corner. A B-B gun! My aunt and uncle had given me a B-B gun for Christmas.

I could already shoot better than two of my cousins, but I had to use their guns. With a new gun there was no way they could beat me shooting. Soon I heard Mammy in the kitchen and I ran to get her. Daddy came in grinning sheepishly and holding something behind his back. He held it out—a cuckoo clock. A real German cuckoo clock. At the top of the clock was a carved wooden deer's head with ivory antlers. Daddy looked at Big Daddy and said, "Looks like old King's head, doesn't it, Daddy?"

Then I knew what I would give Daddy for Christmas. I would show him where King drank by the creek in the evenings. King was a sort of legend in the woods around my grandparents' house. He had been hunted by the best hunters in Alabama, and no one had ever even grazed him. Most people who went hunting King never got near enough to see him, but I had seen him several times when I walked in the woods. I never told anyone where I saw King because I knew they would try to kill him if they found out where he was. King was old and rough looking, with scars from battles with other deer, but he was proud. He saw me one evening watching him drink at the creek bank, and almost seemed like he was laughing at my attempts to hide from him. My father had hunted King when he was growing up, but even he had failed to kill King.

"By the way, Daddy, is old King still around here?" Daddy asked my grandfather.

"Sure is, son. No one will ever kill that deer. He's too old and knows those woods too well."

"Caroline, did you know Wilbur and I used to get up at five o'clock on the coldest mornings of the year and go looking for that deer? Wilbur swore he shot him once, but the next morning

we found fresh tracks again by the creek." I didn't say anything because I wanted to be alone with Daddy when I told him about King.

My cousins came over and we spent the better part of the morning playing with my new games. About an hour before lunch Mammy sent them all home to get ready for all my relatives who were coming to Christmas dinner, and she made me help fix a few things. Then I had to go upstairs and change clothes. Freddy came back over to Mammy's early after he got dressed to bring some deviled eggs my aunt had prepared for lunch.

I got Freddy to come up to my bedroom to see the china doll that Daddy had given me. My new B-B gun was propped in a corner over by one of my bedroom windows. I knew Freddy was jealous because I had gotten a new gun even though he had gotten his only a year before.

"Freddy, since I got a new gun I bet I can shoot better than David. I can already shoot better than Mike and you."

"You can't either." I knew I was annoying him.

"Oh yes I can. Remember last Saturday when we shot bottles off the fence? I beat both of ya'll."

"That was just luck."

"Oh no it wasn't either, Freddy. I can shoot better than you."

"You cannot! You're just a dumb girl. You cannot shoot better than me!"

He picked up a quilt that was lying folded on the end of my bed. I was sitting in a rocker in front of my bookcase. When Freddy threw the quilt I rocked forward so the quilt wouldn't hit me but it flew out and caught on the top edge of the rocker. The rocker jerked backwards and before I heard the crash I knew what had happened. My china doll was broken. Her head had broken smoothly off at the neck. The body was still intact but the head was shattered.

I started crying and yelling at Freddy. He looked scared and I knew he was. I ran downstairs and got Mammy out of the bed. She whipped Freddy with the flyswatter which made me feel a little better. Then I went, still sobbing a little, and told Daddy what had happened.



"Baby, don't cry. I'll bring you another one next time I come to visit. You've still got that nice cuckoo clock with the deer's head that looks like King." Then I remembered his Christmas present.

"Daddy, I've seen King a bunch of times. I know where he goes in the evening. If you like, we'll go down and I'll show him to you."

Daddy looked surprised and sort of amused, but said he wouldn't mind going to the woods to look for King. I cleaned up my face, and we went into the dining room for Christmas dinner. I got to sit next to Daddy in the dining room with the grown-ups. Mammy had told them all about Freddy breaking my doll and they were extra nice to me at lunch. Freddy had to sit in the kitchen with the rest of the children, and I smiled sweetly from the dining room into the kitchen several times, making Freddy madder than ever.

The afternoon seemed like it would never pass into evening. None of my cousins would play with me because I had made Freddy get a whipping, and I had to sit in the living room and listen to all those old aunts and uncles talk for hours. Finally, about five o'clock, I whispered to Daddy that I was going to get a jacket on so we could go find King. When I got downstairs Daddy and Big Daddy were standing by the gun rack grinning at each other. Daddy had one of Big Daddy's rifles in his hands.

"Daddy, you're not gonna kill King are you?" I asked, almost regretting that I had even told him about King.

"Baby, I hunted that deer for twenty years and hardly saw him five times. I know I won't be able to kill him today. He's too smart for me." He looked at Big Daddy and winked.

"Why are you taking Big Daddy's rifle, Daddy, if you're not gonna kill King?"

"We might see one of King's buddies and some good old deer steak sure would taste good for New Year's dinner, now wouldn't it?"

"Yessir, I reckon you're right." I knew that Daddy didn't really think that I knew where King was, and he was just going to make me feel good, but I still wished he wouldn't take that rifle.

We walked out past the barn, crossed a barbed-wire fence, and entered the woods. I showed Daddy an old hollowed-out tree trunk where I kept Juicy Fruit chewing gum hidden from Freddy. We passed the old tree where we got holly to decorate the house with every Christmas, and I pointed it out to Daddy.

"You know these woods pretty well, don't you, baby?" Daddy asked me when I showed him the holly tree.

"Yessir, I come down here a lot when Mammy's looking for me. She fusses at me all the time so I come to the woods to get away from her. The day I broke her glasses she got real mad and told me to go to the smokehouse for Big Daddy to whip me. I got scared and ran down to the creek where they couldn't find me. There's a bunch of caves near the creek, and I was hiding in one when I first saw King."

"I know about those caves, Caroline. We used to play in them when we were your age. But those caves are dangerous, baby. You ought to stay out of them."

"Daddy, you sound just like Big Daddy now." We had reached the creek. We climbed an oak tree and sat to wait for King. The sun was going down, leaving behind it a winter sky of brilliant blues and pinks splashed softly against a lavender background. I had watched it set hundreds of times like that from my upstairs window, but I was still awed by it. Daddy was, too.

"Caroline, I guess I've seen the sun set just about everywhere in the world, but you just can't beat an Alabama sunset."

"Doesn't the sun look the same everywhere, Daddy?"

"No, baby. In some places it goes down before you can blink your eyes and there's no twilight. But here, I don't know, it just seems like the sun tries to put on a show for everybody before it goes behind the hills."

The trees rustled below us and suddenly King stepped out to the edge of the creek to drink. I motioned to Daddy to be still and we watched as King drank slowly. Daddy made a clicking sound and King glanced around and then resumed drinking. I looked at Daddy and realized that the

clicking sound came from the safety catch on the rifle. He had the gun raised to his shoulder, aimed at King's left side.

I started to scream "No, don't!" and then the rifle exploded in my ears. I was afraid to open my eyes, afraid that the world would have disappeared. I started trembling and Daddy grabbed me.

"Caroline, I got him! I shot King! Come on and let's see where I hit him!"

I crawled down the tree behind Daddy, hoping that he hadn't really shot King. The deep staring eyes told me the deer was dead. I was scared of the dead deer's stare, scared because those eyes saw something that I hadn't seen, hadn't known. I began to cry and scream at my father.

"You killed him. You said you wouldn't. Why did you have to kill him?"

And then my father started to cry. I had never seen a man cry before. It was worse than Freddy breaking my doll, worse than seeing King die, worse than those staring eyes. I had to make him stop crying.

"Daddy, why are you crying? Everybody wanted to kill him. You wanted to do it. You had to."

"You really believe that, don't you baby? But you're wrong. You know? You're just wrong." I turned my head because it made me tremble more to watch him cry.

We started back to the house to get some help for dressing the deer, and I watched his eyes grow steely until they were almost gray when we left the woods.



God bless  
the dead.

For they  
can sin  
no more.

—Sandy Sconyers



### SWEET SORROW

the guys i grew so boldly with  
now have gone their way  
we see so seldom and speak even less  
that now, there's little that remains

i face and finally realize  
i am on my own  
no three musketeers anymore  
i must be getting grown.

—By William Dean Arnold

### SOLSTICES

so i am caught  
between expectations and reality  
within dreams  
phantasmagory at the bottom of bottles  
penny machines  
that flicker for a time  
and dim into darkness.  
lost between morn and eve  
when one day merges into the next  
gossamers of thoughts  
entangle worlds of brightly stained images.

bound to the sun that rises  
is the sun that sets  
between the two suns  
one dreams  
of other suns of green  
sold to the highest bidder  
among the gods,  
while days lengthen  
and shorten  
in circles of time  
when pentagons roll.

today i sit  
and wait  
for the sun to end  
it is too long in the sky  
time goes slow  
i do little  
inadequate  
short of purpose  
i wait  
for the days to quicken  
into an unknown oblivion of eternity.

—Janice Bickham

### SELECTIVE DISSERVICE

Ulysses plowed the sands upon the beach  
With horse and ox, pretending to be daft—  
Hoping to place himself beyond the reach  
Of Menelaus' pan-Hellenic draft  
Until Telemachus was laid before  
The murderous steel, and then the wily lord  
Turned blade and beasts aside and roundly swore  
And beat his plowshare back into a sword.

Achilles sulked in silks with frivolous girls;  
All fell into the trap Ulysses planned:  
The ladies liked the diamonds and the pearls;  
*He* opted for a sword and tipped his hand.

Unfair play turned about. No wonder wrath  
And ten years' suffering were the aftermath.

—Susan Skelton



# LADIES DESERVE LAURELS TOO

BY LUCIA JONES

Female performers have been shunned, slighted, even denied their functional existence by the president of the university they undauntedly serve. In a November interview in *The Atlanta Constitution*, President Harry M. Philpott was quoted as saying that "Auburn has not seen a great demand for women's athletics. It has always been considered in the context of club sports. The problem we have is trying to move forward without damaging men's sports." By "club sports" President Philpott was speaking of the women's intramural sports program which is very active, as is the men's in-



tramurals program. Nevertheless, his failure to mention the fine intercollegiate female teams was a perfect example of the administrative ignorance—intentional or unintentional—under which these teams suffer.

At Auburn University, more than

one hundred girls comprise the six intercollegiate athletic teams on campus. These athletes sacrifice long, grueling hours to achieve scratch golf handicaps, ten-point gymnastics ratings, or unreturnable tennis serves. Besides the wearisome demands of practice, they also surrender many social pleasures to attend Thursday to Sunday weekend matches and tournaments.

Why are competitive sports important to Auburn women? Female participants enjoy the same intan-



gibles so celebrated by male athletes, namely self-confidence gained from competency, friendships fostered by teamwork, and personality development encouraged by the exercise of sportsmanship, as well as such obvious physical benefits as stamina, skill improvement, and movement efficiency. Besides the sorely needed opportunity for achieving excellence which athletic competition demands, intercollegiate sports also provide a socially acceptable outlet for aggression which women are denied in other facets of life.

Last year alone, these Auburn coeds claimed state titles in volleyball, basketball, and golf, and placed third in the state in tennis. (The women's gymnastics and swimming teams were organized just this year; therefore they have yet to demonstrate that they can follow the same winning precedent.) The female volleyball and basketball teams placed fifth and fourth, respectively, in regional competition, continuing a meritorious tradition which stretches back many years. Excelling members of these squads have also been named to many All-Tournament teams. One Auburn athlete, Reita Clanton, an All-Stater in two sports and an All-American in a third, was even selected as an Outstanding College Athlete of America.

What kind of recognition have these deserving athletes received in the

Loveliest Village? Congratulations from President Philpott? Scholarship offers from the Auburn Athletic Department? A toilet paper-rolled pep rally at Toomer's Corner? Not quite.

Instead Auburn female athletes have encountered a patronizing attitude when applying for desperately needed funds to support their intercollegiate sports. Three years ago coeds were forced to sell stationery to purchase warm-up suits to be shared among all the intercollegiate teams. Provisions for room accommodations during out-of-town trips were no better supported. Homes of players' friends in the visited communities had to be eagerly accepted as sleeping quarters; the Auburn coeds and coaches slept wherever floor space was available.

However, improvement eventually came. Two years ago at the state golf and tennis tournaments, Auburn women participants were lucky enough to stay in dilapidated army barracks for only two dollars a night per girl. Meanwhile, University of Alabama women athletes were smugly nestled in a nearby Holiday Inn, compliments of their appreciative university.

This year for the first time, adequate money was allocated to women's intercollegiate sports teams for food, gas, and motel accommodations. Perhaps the administration, with a behind-the-back chuckle, thought this increased budget would pacify the Auburn women for a while. It hasn't.

Auburn women have awakened to the fact that if they want to continue to win in intercollegiate competitions, their programs must offer scholarships to attract the best female athletes in the region. The majority of colleges which compete with Auburn already extend scholarships to their best women athletes. Some of the coaches of Auburn women's teams fear that scholarships would give their programs the harsh qualities of professional sports, but many women athletes feel that Auburn's competitive



survival will ultimately depend on the university's ability to attract the most capable athletes available. As in men's sports, the biggest drawing card a college can offer today is financial assistance on the basis of athletic ability.

What does the future hold for Auburn women athletes? The final HEW Title IX guidelines may change things considerably, perhaps even by making a stipulation of proportional

equality in scholarships given. But on the other hand, the need for athletic scholarships for women may be completely ignored in the final guidelines if the prevailing male concerns of college administrations manage to convince HEW to water down the requirements.

Furthermore, although the decision on awarding scholarships to Auburn women athletes will be critical to the intercollegiate programs, the most im-

mediate factor which affects the success of the teams is university attitude. Time and time again these Auburn athletic performers have demonstrated excellence, only to be ignored by the very institution they represent. If female athletes are to continue to distinguish themselves and bring honor to Auburn, a complimentary, supportive attitude on the part of the administration must be begun now.



### THOUGHTS ON AN ANCIENT THEME

Just down the road around the bend  
a pretty maiden lives.  
Here writes a fool who wants her love,  
a love she cannot give.  
For what purpose do you write, oh fool,  
perhaps to keep away the tears?  
'Tis not proper men should cry  
nor write away their years.

—Ron Mask

### THE CHASM BEGGAR

Ah, but you could never find me  
For I am the chasm beggar,  
Alive upon the lies of some  
Long forgotten fettered dreams.

Seek me out and you will find  
The tattered remnants of archaic design  
The souls, or so it seems,  
Wasted themselves on paltry patterns.

Look not, you cloistered crazed  
Embittered men who peck at days!  
I see your beards adangle down  
And here I sit and here I frown.  
Thinking you shall find your god,  
Philosophers brood at any fool's nod.

And so I wait for the timed arrival,  
Casting boulders in the chasm.  
So I sit and watch them fall,  
And where they fall, they fall as men.

—John Wells Warren

### IN THE BAD YEAR

In the bad year of silence,  
The men of guile  
Took to the streets;  
Their works are everywhere.  
The ladies talked  
by the broomstick corner,  
Plucking feathers  
From pool-blue wings  
Of voiceless, chalk-eyed doves.  
Exclaim their red spanning fingers,  
The world is heavy with singing death  
Cruising up a columned course  
To spawn  
Its twin orbits of fire.

—Carl Dockery



# THE BRADFORD LEGEND

BY RHETA GRIMSLEY

*I've got this good lookin' woman  
back home, let me tell y'all.*

*She looks good and she cooks good  
and she just can't do no wrong.*

*She cooks me cornbread in the mornin'  
she's my dinner and my midnight snack.*

*She sits up and she begs and she even  
rolls over on her back.*

—Grand Funk Railroad

A shapely miss dressed in a fluffy white strapless gown, shoulders hidden only by long dark curls, posed sassily in front of a plantation-style home in the 1971 *Glomerata*. She was smiling. One foot, propped on a wall, revealed a man's work boot and a bit of the slim leg it swallowed.

The model—Beverly Bradford, *Plainsman* editor, 1970-71—felt the lyrics of Grand Funk's song fit the world Auburn created for its women, one in which a woman must not only be pretty, but must also feign dumbness to get ahead.

Beverly—a legend for today's journalism students and a closed circle that includes those dubbed "leaders" by their peers—was read by the general population. Some now recall how mad they'd get every Friday morning after reading her personal column. Others saw her as the first real female leader on campus.

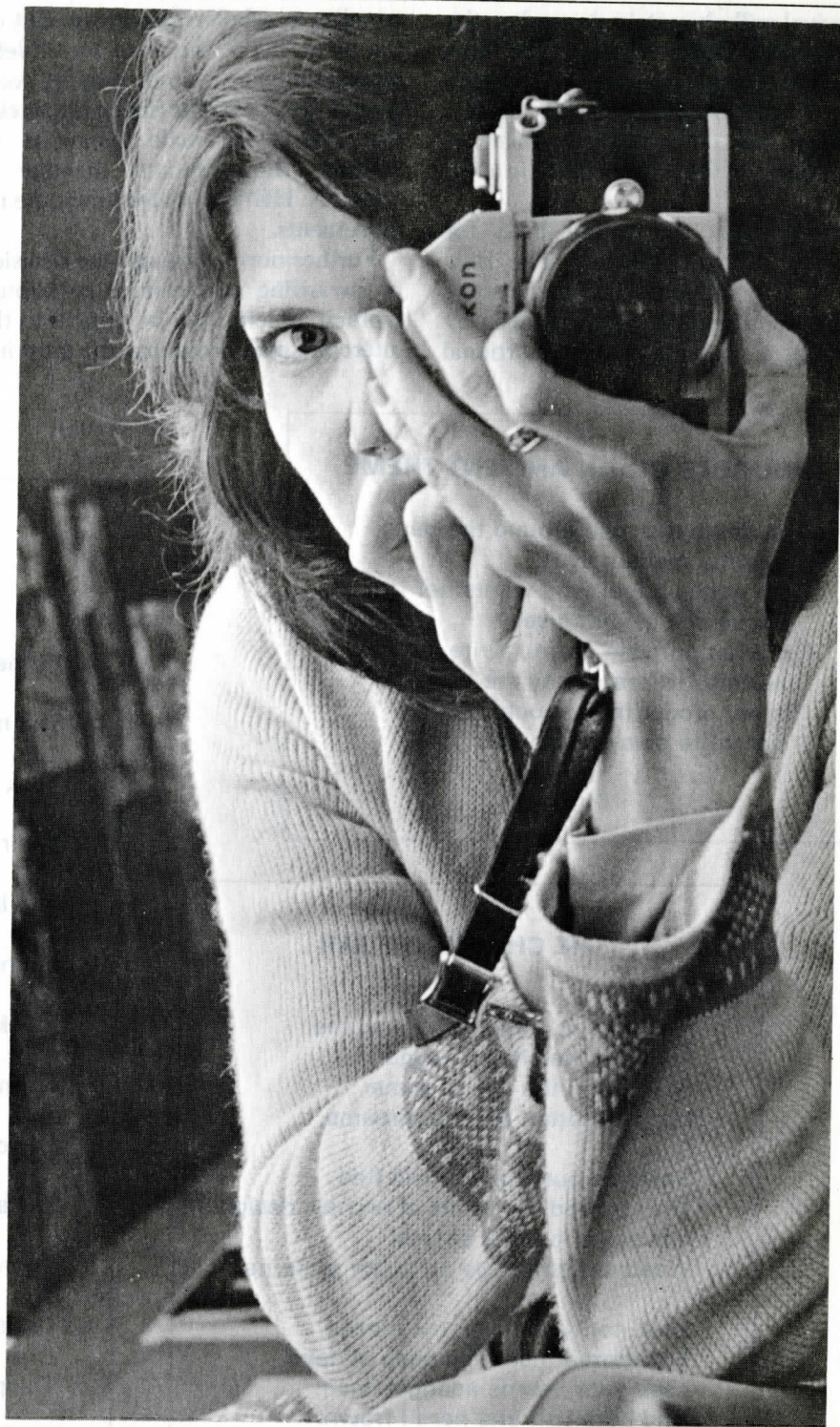
But to many students, Beverly is a personification of stories they've chanced to hear from the minority of students left who remember her. She's a loud voice that broke the silence usually prevailing at Auburn, a

firebrand, an untouchable pagan goddess who supposedly ruled Auburn for a year from the tiny office in the basement of Langdon Hall. The university world held its breath, or cussed under it at least, waiting to see what she'd do or write next during her 27-week reign. She never disappointed.

Or so the legend goes....

Hers was a good year for news.

Moratorium Day, the attempted bombing of Broun Hall, a sleep-out in protest of women's rules on the Social Center lawn, the election of a male as homecoming queen, RAP day, a year of Sullivan and Beasley football, Gloria Steinem's visit to Auburn, WEGL's first year of existence, and Chicago and Three Dog Night concerts filled *The Plainsman's* pages with good, readable copy. These local



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manifestations of national trends of rioting, questioning, and bucking tradition made the time right for an excitingly different personality to edit the campus newspaper.

Beverly wrote about abortion before the word was spoken in polite company in Auburn. In a personal column she voiced her positive feelings about legalizing marijuana. She criticized the Student Health Center for not dispensing birth control pills, accusing it of being a place that administered first aid only.

After a series of columns concerning women's rights, individual rights, campus press censorship, campus leaders' rebellion, and the institution of marriage, Beverly became perhaps the best-read editor ever for *The Plainsman*. For the last issue during her editorship she interviewed then-as-now Gov. George C. Wallace, questioning him about issues of interest to Auburn students. She asked him what he thought of campus newspapers printing obscenities and, pressed by the governor to be specific, she obliged. "Well, say like bullshit."

But Beverly, in person, off the pages of *The Plainsman*, seems unlikely as the maverick who excited Auburn's campus on a weekly basis. Now a photographer-reporter for the *Tuscaloosa News*, nicknamed Fred by her associates, Beverly tells of how she wanted to be disassociated with her *Plainsman* image after graduation. She is strikingly pretty, curled hair framing an intelligent face, a voice both soft and forceful.

"I'm not a ball-busting, man-hating libber," Beverly says. She doesn't deny knowledge of the "legend of Beverly Bradford" but describes it as "something which grew unchecked and out of my control, feeding largely on misconceptions and the lack of journalistic sophistication of the paper's critics."

"All I know is that occasionally I meet Auburn graduates who were on campus during my editorship who seem mildly surprised to find me a fairly pleasant, soft-spoken, soft-hearted individual."

But ball-busting or not, Beverly was a threat to the consistently complacent, male-dominated society at

Auburn, challenging it in a way it had never been challenged before. Week after week she examined the existing society in personal observations, sharing her "shocking" ideas with her readership via the editorial page.

Beverly says that she never intended "any crusade." She describes herself as a quiet, retiring person, suddenly faced with the editorship of *The Plainsman*. She credits an internship at *The Washington Post* with influencing her personality and thought during her year as editor. Until the summers of her Washington stay, Beverly was just another smart, pretty Alabama girl.

"I was born in Birmingham and went through public school there, graduating from Shades Valley in 1966," Beverly recalls. "I was not much of a studier, but was active in the high school band, and I worked for goals I was interested in: first chair flute, head majorette, senior class poet."

Lacking money to travel out-of-state for college, Beverly chose Auburn as a sister before her already had. "There I followed the usual path of conformity. I joined a sorority after hating rush," Beverly continues. "I noticed I didn't fit in too well...but I blamed myself rather than the system, and simply tried to conform."

After being "disillusioned" by sorority life (she never enjoyed debates about what color to paint the chapter room when there was as yet no money available for the project) Beverly finally opted to discard the chapter room life. The sorority divorce prompted her first "controversial" editorial, one that attacked the rush system as being "cruel, malicious and emphasizing the superficial."

During winter quarter of her junior year Beverly had dropped out of school to work as a cub reporter at *The Birmingham Post-Herald*, her first newspaper job. From there, with the help of the Birmingham city editor, she made her way to Capitol Hill, writing columns, speeches, and scripts for Alabama Congressman Tom Bevell.

A daily ritual for Beverly was a close reading of *The Washington Post*. "I didn't know a newspaper could be so alive," she said, calling the paper "a real friend to me in Washington." To complete the journalism degree she

had begun in Auburn, Beverly needed a quarter's internship at some commercial newspaper. Quite naturally, she applied to the *Post*, aware that applicants were many, positions few. Selected as one of twenty-five interns from among five hundred, Beverly felt lucky. "I was female and I fulfilled the 'Deep South' requirement for the *Post*, which wanted fairly even geographical distribution among their interns."

Waiting for Beverly back at Auburn was the difficult task of running a newspaper. And it seems Beverly never intended to take on the world. "If I was ahead of my time at Auburn, that was due to an interpolation of Auburn's immaturity and that of the populace of the Washington area," she reasons. "I may have been ahead of Auburn, but I was behind Washington. That was an idea I wished many times I could get across to some of my critics who regarded me as a reckless, firebrand liberal, bent on destroying society's sacred institutions."

Somehow, Beverly, who didn't consider herself any kind of crusader, made waves that are still coming to shore. "I did not consider my opinions to be any more valid than those of anyone else," she says. "I just wanted to open the paper up for the airing of the issues that mattered."

Though she "respected the way previous editors had handled the paper," Beverly felt that *The Plainsman*, until the year of her editorship was, in her own graphic language, a "creampuff" publication. The stories, in her estimation, sounded as if they had been written "by and for the administration." She wanted *The Plainsman* to be a STUDENT (in capital letters) publication. She was tired of seeing the staff "write around the real problems."

"Since it had not been done before, the issues we touched came pretty much as a surprise to the campus community. We wrote about birth control, drugs, abortion, blacks on campus, and war protest. But we also covered the usual things: homecoming, student government elections, beauty contests."

The campus and even Auburn's permanent residents withstood the issues



relatively well, for a while, at least. More student letters to the editor came than in previous years; criticism came from the local daily newspaper and the pulpit. Critics mourned the end of the "respectable" *Plainsman* and even the loss of a cheesecake photography feature called "Loveliest of the Plains," ousted by Beverly after a twenty-year run.

But all hell was to break loose when Beverly's staff published what to them had been a fun project—a sort of comic relief issue thrown in to break the tension of a year of heavy news. To paraphrase a Bradford column, Beverly had maintained a "slim hold on respectability by wearing a Sunday School dress for a few important occasions," but the April Fools' issue of the paper "really tore it."

"In the past, the April Fools' issue had been marked by corny, slow humor and was not worth the paper it was printed on," Beverly explains. "I thought it should either be a fun paper, or it shouldn't be done at all.

"But much of our readership, including some fine upstanding Christian ladies in the community, were greatly troubled by the juxtaposition of a mug shot of Jesus Christ with a

shot of the Road Runner, who was standing arrogantly, wearing an insipid grin, giving our readership the finger from front page center where we placed it."

The "Bible Belt backlash" incurred was violent, almost causing a formal reprimand by the Board of Publications on the motion of Herb White, director of University Relations. The student members on the Board of Publications saved Beverly, though, despite the fact that most of them had been mocked in the issue, too.

"I was not trying to put down the community's concept of morality," Beverly said of that issue. "Neither did I expect them to muffle my equally strongly held opinions. And they were not just my opinions. They were those of the staff of the newspaper, and apparently they were of some interest to those people who snatched up the April Fools' issue so quickly that there was not a copy to be found on campus by 11 a.m. on the day of publication."

The "offensive" article (a parody putting down the university's refusal to issue a dean's excuse for a Ralph Nader speech by reporting that one would not be issued for the second coming of Christ), was written by "a close relative of a member of the Board of Trustees," Beverly said. She had promised not to reveal the author's name, and she didn't.

"Everyone assumed I wrote it. It was a clever article, and I wish I had."

Leaving Auburn and the editorship (probably just in the nick of time), Beverly Bradford worked a year and a half as a reporter for *The Anniston Star*, then later as a photographer for *The Montgomery Advertiser*.

"My crusading spirit is still with me, and I hope it always will be. It is the same thing that motivates all journalists to put up with relatively poor job conditions. It is an intolerance of injustice, a strong sense of identity with the underdog, and an overdeveloped sense of fair play. Also, I hate phoniness in all its many forms. That is what makes me mad, and always will."

An automobile wreck last summer resulted in serious injuries to Beverly

and curtailed her career in news photography for a while. But now she is back to work, also serving as business manager and newsletter editor for the Alabama Press Photographers Association.

"Sometimes I run into old friends from Auburn who express surprise that I'm not yet national political analyst for *The New York Times*," Beverly laughs, "My ambition does not run in that direction. I want to work on a level closer to real people. I like photographing and writing about normal, dirt-and-overalls Alabama farmers and decent, nonspectacular John Q. Citizen. Those people, in this state, don't get much attention to their needs and feelings and fears through the newspapers. I think it's their right as Americans, a basic and very important part of their precious freedom.

"I am not particularly anxious to leave Alabama, but I probably will before I am thirty. There's a limit to what you can do here as a journalist. The newspapers with which I am familiar, with the exception of *The Anniston Star*, serve not the public, but the private business interests. Even *The Montgomery Advertiser*, which has the reputation for muckraking, does so in a very small-minded way, while providing such a sparse living for its employees that the better writers and photographers quickly leave. And I find that generally true in this state. Journalists here have got to be very devoted, or very bad, to stick it out."

Beverly, by some definitions a legend, is photographing the people of Alabama, writing about them in her distinctive and polished style. One of her "people pictures" won *The Montgomery Advertiser's* "Picture of the Year" award in 1973. The innovative spirit that sparked Auburn's private controversy in 1970-71, the "Do you love or do you hate Beverly Bradford?" debate, is still visible through her work. The warmth that many didn't know of is also still there, supporting the independent and sometimes different theories of a woman who left a mark on Auburn.





## VIRGIN EARTH

Virgin Earth! Bah!

I have seen you morning fresh,  
step dripping from your bath,  
while followers caress you with towel cloth,  
and I have seen your virginity.  
and I have heard them call you mother.  
  
and have seen the sun burst in  
your hair, sending strands of tender shoots  
out across the horizon, blazing.  
and I have seen your triangle of hair brushed also  
and I have heard him call you mother.

and when I startled you,  
(naked pure, breasts trembling white) virgin  
and the hounds were sent for  
and the metamorphosis of the hart, complete,  
I have seen your look of innocence  
and I have called you mother.

—Byron Woodfin

Every morning when I awaken,  
I open the cage of my mouth  
and your name flies forth.

—Sandy Sconyers

## IMPRESSION

Silver leaves  
in chalky darkness  
Fight  
To break night's shell  
To clear the path

Where timid pilgrims  
Tread in sombre shade  
Of moon-cast shadows  
Of dark impressions  
Upon a darker ground.

—Annette Norris

Looking out my window  
is it me in reality?  
I don't know.

Peeking through a curtain  
can you see the anxiety?  
oh no.

Dreams, schemes and reveries  
playing with my memories  
leaving me no guarantees  
on the future of my sanity.

Gazing at a mirror  
is it me, honestly?  
I don't know.

Watching from a distance  
am I me in certainty?  
oh no.

—Thomas A. Coolidge



# DOWN HOME

FICTION BY LINDA LEAMING



August 11

Dear Eben,

Hello from Auburn! I hope this finds you alive and well...which is more than I can say for our dear friend Dorothy. Yes, I'm afraid she has reached the proverbial pearly gates, she has gone to her re-ward (so to speak) and is now only a dear memory to those of us who knew and loved her. As you well know, she had not been quite herself these past few months...after the tornado and all. I swear I think the cellar door fell on her head. Afterwards, she took to wearing those ridiculous white anklet-socks and ruby slippers. She was all the time clicking them together saying, "There's no place like home, There's no place like home." Todo is taking it quite hard. He peed under the baby grand this morning. Of course Larry and the Count are just crushed. I really think Dr. Papadoupoulos is suffering the most, though—after he bought her that new Winnebago and all. Upon hearing the news of her demise he went straight to the broom closet and remains there even as I write. It seems that Porcelain the downstairs maid was in the closet at the time, rinsing out a mop, and she also remains therein. Every now and

then we can hear deep sighs coming from the general vicinity of the broom closet. I hope they come out soon. I've had to take on many of the household chores as a result of this little vacation. I will surely dock her pay if she doesn't come out within the week. It's so hard to get decent help these days.

Well enough of my domestic problems, how are you getting along? Larry says to say hello. The Count said not to tell you anything, but you know how he is.

Hope you can make it up to French Lick next Tuesday. Larry and the Count and I are going up in the Winnebago. It should be fun.

As ever,  
Eva Nell

.....



August 15

Dear Eben,

Just thought I'd dash off a quick note to let you know we're alive and well here at French Lick. I must say the people here aren't what they used to be but we hooked up (the Winnebago

that is) to a charming couple from Salt Lake City. That's in Utah you know. I've never been there. Lorraine and Clyde Boclay. He's organist for the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Lorraine has just gone crazy over Todo. She made a little clown suit for him out of an old table cloth, but it agitates him so to wear it. I swear that dog gets more like Dorothy every day.

The Count was almost asfioxiated yesterday when a crop duster flew too low over the camp. We thought he was drunk again, so we didn't pay any attention to him. He kept holding his throat and gagging. I felt bad when we found out what happened.

Speaking of feeling bad, I just hated to leave the Dr. and Porcelain all alone like that. But they flat refused to come out of the closet. Frankly, I'm a little worried. Dr. Papadoupoulos was so looking forward to this trip—he bought 6 rolls of film for his instamatic. Also, I found the enclosed Fritos bag on the kitchen floor next to the dumb waiter. I call your attention to the note, scrawled in fuscias, on the inside of the bag.

Well I've got to go. We've been invited to dinner at the Boclay's. So sorry you couldn't come up. You'd adore Clyde and Lorraine.

Toodle oo,  
Eva Nell

Schweebie Boobie,

How now will thy plightist my trough? For sooth or perchance to dally in my summer underclothes. Marry me for I make mine own toothpaste and I brew a wicked cup of coffee. I shall await your answer within (the broom closet of course).

Incorrigably,  
Dr. Papadoupoulos

P.S. This is *no* joke.





Wednesday I think.

Dear Eben,

Things are picking up here. Porcelain and the Dr. finally came out of the closet—more on that later. How is it with you? From the sound of your last letter you're not doing bad. Where is Armenia anyway?

I'm afraid I have a bit more bad news. What Larry mistook for a fine igneous specimen was really Todo. He ran right out in front of the Winnebago—we just about leveled him. Yes, you guessed it, Todo passed away at French Lick. Anyway, because of a somewhat bizarre dying request of Dorothy's I sent his remains to Mr. Tubbs the Taxidermist for stuffing. He's not the only Taxidermist in town, mind you, we're a little more neopolitan than that, but Larry said he was best so we took him—Larry and I that is in the Winnebago (how ironic). Well, Larry was pretty much on target because considering the situation of the deceased (we were going pretty fast) Mr. Tubbs did a marvelous job. So good in fact I had him insert a tupperware dip tray—you know the one I bought at your party—in little Todo's mouth. He looks so good. I just couldn't see sticking him in a corner somewhere, although I did consider using him as a doorstop. Anyway, where was I—oh yes, I used him to serve the jalepeño bean dip at my canasta club last Monday. The girls fairly raved about him. I couldn't take all the credit, though, Mr. Tubbs did most of the work. Todo's little eyes just

sparkle so—they look real. But Mr. Tubbs says they're just treated plastic.

Anyway, about Porcelain and Dr. Papadopolous. They did finally come out. Upon their exaunt from the broom closet, the good Dr. took it upon himself to announce their betrothal. Imagine! And so soon after Dorothy's demise. It also seems that they hadn't really been in the closet all that time. After we'd go to bed at night, Porcelain would sneak out to get food. I thought I had more than two bags of Fritos. I almost ran short Monday. The wedding will be any day now and I just dread it. All Porcelain's folks are coming. It's going to be a mad house. They're taking the Winnebago on their honeymoon. I wonder if Larry and the Count will give it up? When they come back the Dr. and Porcelain are planning to open a Greek

restaurant specializing in soul food. Sounds good doesn't it? I guess I can no longer count on Porcelain to stay on here. You don't know of anybody do you? Honestly, I don't know what I'll do without her. She makes a tuna casserole that's out of this world. When we ran out of wheat paste Larry used it to finish papering the library. He did a beautiful job by the way.

Oh well, I guess this is all. I have an appointment at Beazley's. They've got a new operator there who can do a duck tail the way I like it—you know flat on the sides and high on top.

Oh, I do go on...write if you get a chance.

Yours,  
Eva Nell



### RAGGEDY WHO?

Unmolded and all undone, she  
flew on fancy's psyche, free  
and easy enough,  
floating on expectant seas  
of nothingness and everythingness, simultaneously.

Not bound by any mortal mark  
she went her unassuming way—  
the way  
of angels, starlight wishes, Santa Clauses,  
daydreams, hopes and oh yes,  
tooth fairies.

But then (of course) the shadow lengthened,  
deepened, darkened, crept, and stalked and  
breathed hard!  
and when she was not looking (for  
she never looked!) it came and plucked her  
from haven.

So then it fluffed her, stitched her  
stuffed her, dressed her  
too;  
until all molded and all done—  
painted smile, buttoned eyes, tattooed heart  
she's ready to depart (alas)  
a yarnhead.

—Pam Spencer





Illustration: Randy Nowell

# WHAT TO PLANT IN AUBURN THIS SPRING

BY JIMMY WILLIAMS

Many people think that they don't have enough space to grow vegetables, but if you have rented one of the 250 plots of good farm land leased by the Alpha Zeta fraternity of the School of Agriculture, or if you have just a couple of feet of ground outside

your front door, you can grow more than table terrariums this year. Whether you've got an acre plot or a little flower bed, you've got room to grow food for your table. In fact, gardening in small spaces can be more challenging than large-scale farming.

For example, when one of your five tomato plants droops, you will tend to it more carefully than if it was only one of fifty plants. Whatever size your garden is, here are some basic guidelines to follow for best results.

The heart of a garden is the soil. About ninety percent of all garden failures are due to poor soil, although that shouldn't be the case if you take time to prepare it well for good drainage and fertility. The best garden soil is a sandy loam (an even mixture of clay and sand) that drains well and is easily worked. Clay soil should not be worked when it is wet because it will pack and form clods. Sandy soil is easier to work, but dries out faster.

All gardens benefit from the addition of organic matter to the soil. In the fall, pile leaves on the garden or use a separate area for preparing compost. Compost increases both soil fertility and soil texture for better drainage. Location is also an important factor. You're lucky if you have the ideal location—deep fertile soil which is nearly level, in direct sunlight, with a source of water nearby—but you can improve any soil with fertilization, and you should beware of trying to grow vegetables in competition with the shade of trees or buildings.

As you prepare your soil for planting, draw up a rough sketch of the garden showing the rows of vegetables to be grown. This plan will help you decide exactly what seeds and plants you want to buy and can be kept from year to year to compare results from different arrangements.

Everyone can grow several popular vegetables. A few healthy plants will supply you all summer with many pounds of vitamin-rich, juicy, red tomatoes. If you buy young plants from seed or garden stores you'll have a headstart on the growing season and earlier yields. Two varieties that grow well in Auburn are Homestead 24 and Bonnie's Nematode Resistant. Tomatoes are heavy feeders (they require a lot of nutrients from the soil for good growth), so supply them with plenty of organic matter and fertilizer. If the plants you buy are large (10-12 inches), plant them deeper than they are planted in the store pots. Most gardeners stake their tomato plants to



keep them off the ground to prevent rotting and produce cleaner fruit.

Corn is another garden favorite which you should try; it is a tough plant which thrives in locations where most vegetables fail. Plan to plant a row of corn each week or so in the spring to spread the harvest out over a longer period. To save space, plant low-growing crops such as onions and carrots in the same row as corn or let the corn supply the shade necessary for heading-type lettuce. Be sure to add enough plant nutrients and water for all the extra plants grown with your corn. Good corn varieties to grow in the Auburn area are Aristogold, Bantam Evergreen, Seneca Chief, and Silverqueen (a white corn). After the silks have turned dark, pick ears of corn early in the morning when they are cool and immediately cook or refrigerate them.

Try growing the pod vegetables—snap beans, lima beans, Southern peas, English peas—in your garden; you can freeze or can them as well as eat them fresh. Low-growing bunch snap beans are easier to grow than pole beans which require staking, but pole beans generally have better flavor. Harvest bean pods when they are smooth and still tender. Crowders, creams, and blackeyes are all Southern peas. As with corn, successive plantings will insure you a longer harvest and prevent an overabundance of peas or beans at one time.

Okra is a popular Southern vegetable which requires little special care. Plant okra seeds after the danger of frost is completely past, then stand back. Okra is a rapid grower; a few plants will supply you all summer long until the first frost. Once it begins bearing, harvest your okra two or three times weekly. If you allow the pods to mature beyond four or five inches long, they will become too tough to eat, and eventually the plants will quit bearing.

Cucumbers, cantaloupes, squash, and watermelons are all grown as vine crops (although there are bush varieties of squash which are excellent producers for small spaces). You can grow these vegetables in either hills or rows, depending upon your garden lay-out. Harvest cucumbers and

squash three times a week, or they will stop bearing quickly. Your cantaloupes will slip easily from the vines when ready for harvesting.

In Auburn you can grow many other vegetables easily. Try whatever you think you will enjoy—beets, eggplants, greens (collard, mustard, spinach), onions, peppers, carrots, radishes, broccoli, and cabbage—all these vegetables produce well if their needs are satisfied. Just follow planting directions on the seed packages.

A few extra hints for better success: group together fast-growing, quick-maturing crops such as radishes, lettuce, and early cabbage to avoid disturbing slower-growing plants. To use space more efficiently, plant succession crops—tomatoes after radishes, cucumbers after spinach, for example. Let light-feeders (beans and peas) succeed heavy-feeders (tomatoes and corn) to give the soil a break. Scatter onions, chives, marigolds, nasturtiums, and other odiferous plants throughout the garden to repel insect pests. When contours permit, run garden rows

north and south so plants get as much sun as possible. And don't become discouraged; all good gardeners have to start somewhere!

Growing vegetables, fruits, and flowers on a small scale is one of the most rewarding of all human activities. Not only is it financially practical in these days of high food prices; it is philosophically satisfying as well. When we garden, we become more a part of the cycle of living things by having a hand in the results of plants growing and dying, from seeds to flowers to fruits and back to seeds. A gardener moves out of the role of taker and becomes a giver, a sharer, a restorer of the earth. Through gardening we can achieve a renewal of our contact with nature that is more direct and realistic than the contact of mountain hiking, canoeing, or other recreational activities. In a garden we really work with nature, cooperating with natural laws, giving to the earth so that we may receive from it.



#### FOR JUSTIN

In summer he was very like a bird  
Singing a one-note series of tra-la-la's.  
His song winged over the neighborhood bird,  
A Saturday-Sunday curbside wake-me-up,  
But more unnoticed than a bird.  
Then just as he became invisible,  
He moved away. The second Saturday  
A drone swelled like a wind  
Across the hedges separating the houses;  
People leaned across the hedges,  
Questioning,  
Noticing the lack.  
No doubt once another week had passed,  
He was as absent as before.  
He might just as well never have come and gone,  
Except that when their clocks stop now,  
They think of him.

—Pat Keller



# 2101: A SEXUAL ODYSSEY

FICTION BY JOHN WILLIAMS

## I

The seven o'clock Starting Beacon swept across the darkened room and all at once the Day Lights burst into their calculated brightness, while from the numerous ordered rows of glistening stainless steel Night Preservation Units the Assemblage of Male Creatures known as JP-362 stirred into life. It promised to be a normal day.

Our story, in part, concerns one of these creatures—a typical young man of fifty-two, who, as the Female Sentinels moseyed throughout the huge room, sat up in Unit, ingested his yellow and purple capsules for the day, then disengaged his support tubes. Still sluggish in the fading grip of slumber, he made his way to the Check-In Board and punched out his name, 229-360-B, with practiced fingers. Groggily he waited, until the white card bleeped through the slot and he looked at it quietly. A voice from behind greeted him.

"What you got, 229?" it asked.

229 at once recognized the voice as that of 245, probably his oldest and dearest friend.

"Ah-h-h," he answered downheartedly. "Sustenance Prep over at ZQ-40. How about you?"

The newcomer did a little dance step. "Bingo!" he exclaimed. "Reproduction Duty upstairs!"

"Ooh-la-lal!" said 229 with a whistle. "You lucky rascal!"

"Some's got it and some ain't," 245 joked.

"Yeah, you just wait," countered 229. "I'm due some time next week myself."

"Have you got Recreation today?" 245 asked.

229 checked his card. "Yeah, sure do," he said.

"Want to go fishing after work?"

"Yeah, that sounds great," 229 said and punched it into the computer.

Abruptly, a towering Female Sentinel interrupted their early morning banter with a first level Cramp Ray directed at 229's groin. "You boys gonna shoot the breeze all day?" she sneered.

In pain, 229 turned away, casting backwards an evil glance towards the hated Female, and the two friends headed for the Duties.

ZQ-40 is a short name for a block of Female Living Quarters near the outskirts of the city. All of these Quarters, just like all the other Quarters in every city across the country, are occupied by two Females whose Careers keep them away all day. 229 hated Sustenance Prep—found it boring and repetitious. But he had no choice but labor through it. The yellow and purple capsules he took every morning were essential for his existence, triggering as they did a highly complex hormone-enzyme-oxidizing agent compound (injected into his

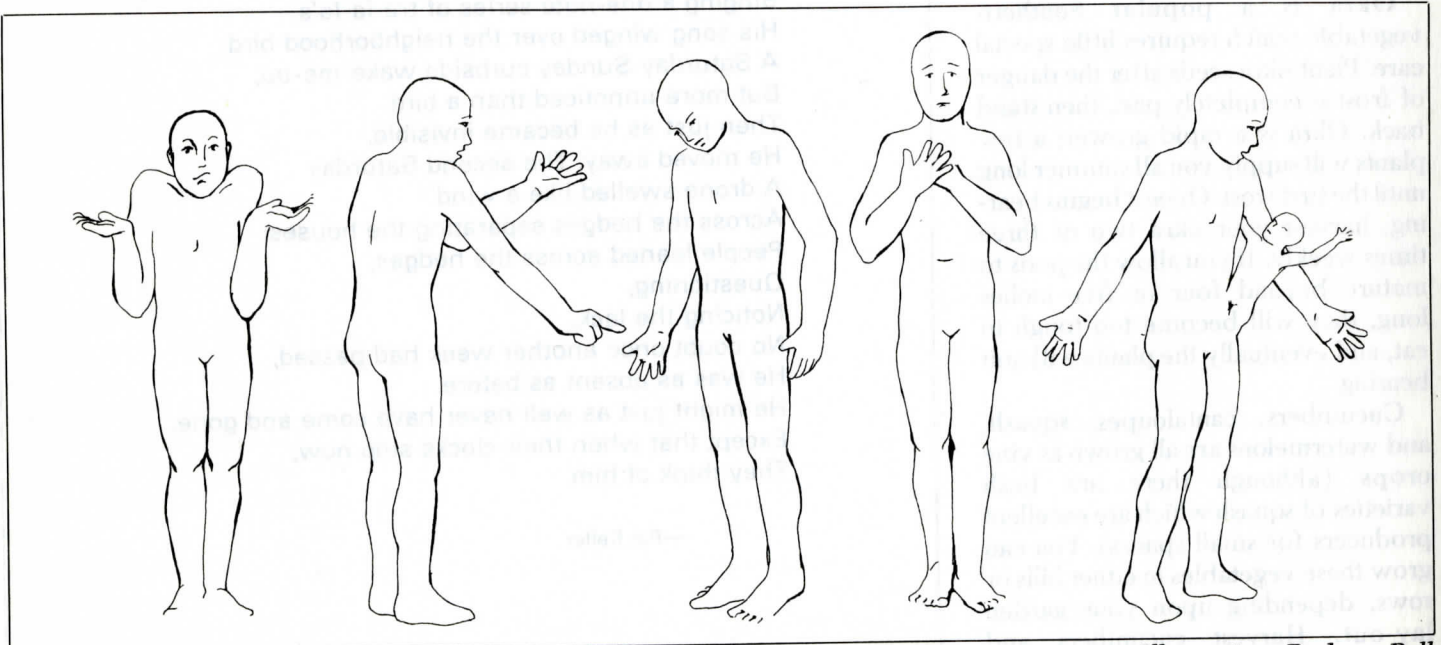


Illustration: Barbara Ball



bloodstream by a device permanently ensconced within his brain at his birth in such a position that any tampering would be fatal) which, through the wonders of advanced medical science, had the remarkable ability of recommencing all his vital life processes, kept dormant through the night. And there was a catch. Within these capsules was also a Top Secret tracing compound, sensed at all functional times by this city's Master Regulatory Computer, which was programmed to reverse the life-sustaining effects of the capsules by Iota Rays, should the tracing compound ever depart from its scheduled locations for the day, as printed out on the white card 229 had punched out that morning. All Male Creatures were aware of this Watchdog Policy, having been educated in its workings, along with the techniques of their Duties and the history of the world since the Revolution, during their first ten years. At age eleven all Male Creatures were programmed into the Duty Assignment Computer, by which mechanical nightmare their daily labors would be governed the rest of their lives.

The year was 2101 and the Revolution had been won. The Five Years War, glorified in all the history books, had come at the turn of the century before, and the long Ages of Males had come to an end. Men had been on the brink of destroying each other and the world when the Sisters had united, conquering by total surprise, and by taking advantage of the fatal degree of division among Men. For the first time in its history, the world had known universal peace and harmony. For nearly a century an Era of Good Feeling had ensued, a time of total regimentation of Males, great leaps forward in science, and more obscurely, growth in increasingly divergent schools of thought among the Females. But all this was unknown to any Male Creature, our 229 being no exception, as he made his way this morning to ZQ-40.

"Oh well, what the hell..." he thought resignedly as he strode into the service entrance. He noticed the Quarter Cleaning Crews preparing their equipment for the day and the Laundry Crew sorting out Female gar-

ments, but he recognized only a few faces, since the computer kept all Male Creatures rotating in duties among themselves to prevent prolonged, dissatisfied whisperings. He turned into the Kitchen and he thought, "It could be worse...it could be Nursery Duty: all those screaming, wet, slobbering babies. Yech!" Silently, he took his place behind Protein Extractor 5 and, along with the others at the sound of the Bell, began preparing breakfast for the Females. By eight o'clock, all was ready, and the Sustenance Tubes, prepared according to prior request, were sent into the various Quarters by Molecular Diffusion. And here, we must briefly leave 229 and his co-workers, as they Clean Up the Kitchen and begin on lunch.

High above the Kitchen, in one of the spacious, luxurious Quarters, a Female, namely Zelda 36-22, rubbed the sleep from her eyes and surveyed the delicate curves of her still-slumbering bed-mate, Thelma 38-24. The breakfast tubes had just arrived and it was time to get ready for work.

"Wake up Toodles," Zelda cooed.

Thelma sighed longingly and nestled deeper into the covers.

"Come on," persisted Zelda, reaching over to tickle Thelma.

"Stop! Oooh!" laughed Thelma. "You win! You win!"

Zelda bounded out of bed and lightly stepped to the Breakfast Nook. Momentarily, Thelma joined her and they sat down together.

"Yum, looks delicious," commented Thelma as she surveyed the multicolored tubes spread out before her.

"Girl, I'll say," said Zelda.

Languidly, they each selected tubes and hooked them into their Ecstatic Taste Nodules on their wrists. They moaned with delight as the delicious nourishment flowed past the receptor cells and coursed through their bodies.

Breakfast didn't take long and the two Females sat back in their chairs as they finished. Thelma's face wore a slight frown.

"What's the matter, Toodles?" Zelda asked, perceiving her friend's disapprobation.

"Oh, I don't know," Thelma said. "It's just that sometimes I wish we

could really choose what we wanted to eat."

Zelda scowled slightly. "We *do* choose what we want."

"Yes, I know. But we don't really. I mean, we've only got those tubes to choose from."

"Well, what else would you need?" asked Zelda, annoyed.

"Oh, I don't know. It seems like there should be a lot of other things."

"You are given what you need and what you deserve according to what you give the Sisterhood. You know that. How could you ask for more? What's gotten into you, Thelma? Why are you talking like this?"

"Don't you feel like a robot sometimes? We go off to work every day, get our little needs filled, take off on a couple weeks vacation in summer...I mean, what's the point? Sometimes I really don't think we're any better off than the Males."

"Thelma! I can't believe my ears!"

"Oh, don't get mad, Zelda. I'm just talking."

"Well, I certainly hope so. I think you need to watch the Premieress' State of the Sisterhood Address tonight."

"I will. We better get ready."

They dressed each other slowly, as usual, and left their Quarters together. The Translocation Unit was crowded so they took the Supersonic Elevator downstairs, where they boarded the Metro Transport Tube. They flashed by the shining buildings toward the inner city, and toward another day's work. At the square, they disembarked and walked slowly through the warm, pleasant morning air. The day would be a beautiful one, Zelda knew, because of her Career in Climate Control. Each day, Climate Control programmed the Climate Dome Computer for the next day's weather, allowing foul weather to interrupt the otherwise unhindered flow of agreeable days only occasionally. Thelma's Career was in the Department of Transportation—a good job, but this morning her mind was on other things.

She broke the silence abruptly as they walked. "Are you going to volunteer for Reproduction Duty this year?" she asked.



Zelda was somewhat taken aback. "Why, I don't know," she faltered. "I hadn't thought about it. I...I really don't know. We *are* rather young."

"Yes, I know," went on Thelma, a little out of breath, "but don't you wonder sometimes what it's like?"

Zelda was slightly offended. "Well, no," she said, with perhaps a touch of irony. "Why should I need to?"

"Oh, I don't know," Thelma said. "I just wonder about it sometimes. I wonder what it was like living in the old days. I bet most of the Females who volunteer do so to find out what it's like."

"Well," Zelda said coolly, dismissing the distasteful subject. "I doubt that."

They were almost to the fountain where, each morning, they parted ways. Zelda was thinking about her chosen companion. She seemed so...well, so evasively recalcitrant to the great Ideals they both believed in. At least, Zelda *thought* they both believed in them. She was quite sure that *she* did, at any rate. Her train of thought was broken as they reached the fountain, took their leave of each other, and separated.

## II

Later that afternoon, Male Creature 229, tired and irritable after his long day at Sustenance Prep, trudged into the Check Out Board room and punched out his name. Then, with a bleep, a pink card slid through the slot, and he picked it up with relief. It was his Recreation pass card. 245 was waiting for him at the Translocation Unit with the fishing gear, and seconds later they found themselves on the banks of their favorite river.

"Ah!" sighed 245, "feels great to relax."

"No hock, Sherlock," said 229. "How was your day?"

245 smiled. "Busy, but productive. Ha ha! How about yours?"

"Stunk."

As the two friends relaxed, watching their corks, joking and talking, unknown to them, high above, a gargantuan alien space vessel settled softly onto the periphery of the Climate Dome. From a sliding door, a smaller vessel, saucer-shaped, emerged and passed through the thick plastic. Its sophisticated equipment kept it un-

detected by the Early Space Warning devices of the Females as it whirred around the earth at a speed incomprehensible to earthlings, at last stopping suddenly in midair.

229 and 245 were still laughing and talking when 229 saw it. A fear he had never before known in his life shivered through him. Then 245 saw it and stood trembling in bewildered terror as it slowly settled down beside them. A door slid open and two alien creatures with pointed, antenna-like features floated towards them. Still the Males stood rooted in fear. They could neither move nor speak as the creatures grabbed them effortlessly and floated with them into the ship. They stood in disbelief inside the vessel as football-shaped devices scanned their bodies. Lights of colors they had never before seen flashed and blinked around them, and strange whirring noises invaded their ears. At length, the lights stopped and the whirring died.

"Greetings, Male earthlings," one of the creatures said in a metallic voice.

"Howdy," 229 was only barely able to mutter.

"I am Tomgul. My companion is Benzar. We have come to help liberate your world."

The two Males stood rooted, in amazement.

"We have watched the growth of your planet's civilization for many centuries," the eerie voice continued, "and have bailed you out more than once. We continue to help, however, because we are familiar with the problems incurred in the infancy of any civilization, having been helped many times ourselves by a power far greater from a distant galaxy."

Only slightly more at ease, 229 and 245 listened incredulously as the voice held them captive.

"This time you have almost destroyed all the things which are your only hope. You have almost gone too far. It is up to you to free your people and try again. We are aware of the governing methods employed by the Females to keep you in line, and we have disengaged this simple little mechanism in all of you, although you are the only two who know. You have a great duty to do, but you are capable

of it. You have been chosen carefully. Go. That is all." In a twinkling 229 and 245 were transported back into their quarters.

Benzar turned to Tomgul. "Do you think they will succeed?"

"I hope so with all my plorp," Tomgul answered gravely. "Command Central is getting annoyed with our meddling. They will, I think, force us to destroy the earthlings if this fails. Why can't the blind creatures just *see*?"

"I do not know, Tomgul," answered Benzar, "It is a mystery to me."

"Well, if these Males should fail, I will have no choice but to end this civilization. Command Central will never allow it to continue to flourish in its decadence. Let us go."

And in a flash, the spaceship was gone.

## III

Thelma and Zelda, after dinner, turned on the Sensuscope and sat back to watch the Premieress' speech in full Sensuround. It was almost time for her. Suddenly, the familiar face appeared on the screen.

"Beloved Sisters of our great country," she commenced. "It is with good tidings that I address you on this night, and it is with joy and pride that I look back over the past year. Five score and three years ago, our Foresisters brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in the minds of all Females, and dedicated to the proposition that of all the God-given qualities within the creature, Human Being, there is only one quality with the indestructible and persevering strength and the unselfish and magnanimous grace to offer true hope, to really save this world: femininity."

The Premieress paused and Zelda and Thelma watched and listened with interest. Suddenly, before their eyes, an incredible thing happened. Males filled the screen with screams and whoops, each armed with a broom, a mop, or some such weapon. They beat the desk to a pulp and grabbed the Premieress, carrying her away, oblivious to her helpless screams or the Cramp Rays which felled a few of the ranks on the outside.

In horror, Thelma and Zelda rushed to the Translocator and were flashed into the city. In the square a huge



guillotine had been erected and the Premieress was being taken to it. The streets were filled with screaming Males. Buildings were burning. Fights were raging. Everywhere Females ran in terror from Males with their crude weapons. Chaos reigned. Zelda and Thelma barely escaped back into the Translocator, and from the window watched in horror as the city became engulfed in bloody violence and destruction.

On the boards of the guillotine, 229 stood proudly, leading the cheers as the Premieress was held down and beheaded. He held up her head and showed it jubilantly to the crowd. The emotions of the mob were uncontrollable. Somehow, some Males had broken into the Top Secret Museum of Past History and were handing out history books.

"Julius Caesar! Napoleon! Alexander the Great!" some shouted.  
 "Plato! Einstein! Archimedes!"

"Johnny U! Abe Lincoln! The Beatles!"

"Shakespeare! Leonardo da Vinci! Henry Kissinger!"

There was raping and looting, shouting and singing. News that the regulatory computer no longer functioned spread fast, and soon most of the country was in rebellion. Everywhere, Female heads rolled, and Males lustily read the illustrious deeds of their forebears. 229 declared himself Emperor and issued a decree calling for the death of all Females.

"The fools," said Benzar. "Just look at them."

"Yes," said Tomgul. "Very soon they will kill all Females and their civilization will slowly die. There is only one thing to do."

"No," interjected Benzar. "Wait. Perhaps there is one hope."

"What hope? They have no hope."

"The Omitron Desexual Ray."

"Command Central will not be pleased."

"They will understand. It will give these creatures one more chance."

"Do you think it will work?"

"It is possible."

"Very well, Benzar. We shall see. Send it."

And suddenly, on earth, all human beings found themselves exactly alike. The fighting stopped. They looked at one another. There were no Males and no Females. They were all the same. And on that day, the Age of the Sexes came to an end. The conflict, begun long ago when a caveman first forced his cavewoman to stay in the cave and cook and raise the cave children, while he went out to do what they both believed were more important things, had culminated and finally ended. Humankind had one more chance. It would be only a short while until the first one would discover its ability to reproduce by budding.



## REGRET

Why did we sleep?  
 Such precious moments—  
 Wasted, lost.

There lay in our hands  
 the key to unlocking those *mind-forged manacles*,  
 And yet we slept.  
 Two awestruck children,  
 Snuggled so close we made but a small ripple  
 in the great ocean of covers,  
 The world at our fingertips  
 and we retreated to our own virgin womb.  
 Minutes idled away, the hourglass filled,  
 and was turned and turned and turned ...  
 And still we slept,  
 Unmindful of the stillness of the night,  
 Forgetting the caress of the gentle water,  
 Foregoing the ecstasy of sharing our souls  
 for a moment longer.  
 A once in a lifetime place, a once in a lifetime  
 night, a once in a lifetime dream—  
 And yet we slept.

—Becky Sharpe

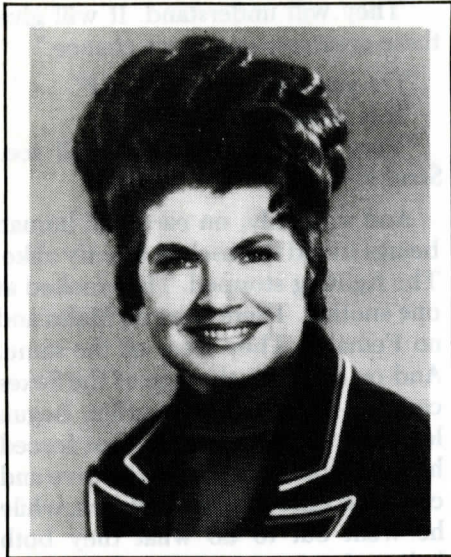
## WAR EAGLE

How very like ourselves  
 is he  
 Who sits atop his  
 caged-in perch  
 And marvels at the  
 confines within confines  
 Of his world.

How can this be that he,  
 a free spirit,  
 Should be shackled  
 to a post  
 So the world may see that  
 we too cherish freedom  
 But enslave it...  
 lest it be lost?

—Ron Mask





Melba Till Allen



Juanita McDaniel



Mabel Amos

## TWICE AS HARD TO GO HALF AS FAR

BY RAMSEY McGOWEN

Alabama is not the most probable place for women to ascend to power. Indeed, a Northern women's liberation advocate might cringe at the prospect of banishment to Alabama, fearing the male superiority-bound attitudes which prevail here still. But many people would be surprised to learn of the power that women have held and now hold in Alabama. Women first became involved in Alabama politics in 1922 when J.G. Wilkins was elected to the state legislature. Today women fill more publicly-elected statewide administrative posts in Alabama than in any other state.

Among the women who wield political power in Alabama are Juanita McDaniel, who is serving her second term on the Public Service Commission; Melba Till Allen, who is serving now as State Treasurer and who formerly served two terms as State Auditor; and Mabel Amos, who retired in January from her post as Secretary of State, a post she held for eight years. Ms. Amos presently is serving on the Women's Commission, a post that is appointed by Governor Wallace.

In order to understand the duties and responsibilities, as well as the personalities and motivations of these influential women, we interviewed each one individually. Three vivid, strong, and distinctly different pictures of Alabama women emerged from the interviews. Juanita McDaniel was a cordial businesswoman: from her tailored suit and wire-rimmed glasses to her neatly crowded desk and emphatic hand gestures, she appeared sincerely concerned and efficiently organized. Melba Till Allen was a somewhat different public official. She emerged from her office beaming a big welcome smile. Her dress was fashionable, her hair recently styled. While her answers were swift, concise, and well-informed, the broad Alabamian accent and the charming smile which never left her face evoked an undeniable sensation of Southern femininity. Ms. Amos exuded yet a different quality. She fit the "everyone's grandmother" stereotype: hurried, slightly out of breath, ten minutes late, face colored with rouge, powder and startling red lipstick, and a tendency to end every sentence with a "don't you think so, dear?" look. She was the oldest of the three women, and perhaps the most distinctly individualistic. She was proud of her

achievements, and obviously enjoyed recounting the numerous anecdotes that she has collected in her years of public service.

In describing their careers, each woman pointed out the things that she thought particularly enabled her to do her job well. Ms. McDaniel who has been in state government for fourteen years, began in the Department of Pensions and Securities as Confidential Assistant to the State Board. Later she served in the capacity of Confidential Assistant to the State Auditor and as Administrative Assistant to the State Treasurer. She then left the government for a job in the Consumer Credit Service, which is, as she put it, "a service to help people who are pretty far in debt to recover without using bankruptcy," where she worked until she ran for the Public Service Commission in 1970. Ms. Allen told us that she was elected "right out of the business world—generally, I think that I'm about the only person who has been. I had been in a private accounting department...I felt very strongly that we [state government] needed someone with business experience." One of Ms. Amos' numerous stories explained her reason for seeking an elected post. She began in state government with a job in the Gover-

*Photography: Birmingham News*



nor's Office, and then was promoted to the job of Recording Secretary. She ran for the post of Secretary of State because, "I decided, after I had been there through seven administrations and had been reappointed by every governor that I would like to do something on my own, so I announced that I was going to run for Secretary of State."

In answering why they became involved in politics, the three women spoke with a mixture of political idealism, feminism, and practicality. Ms. McDaniel said that she "felt like, with three members on the commission, there should be a woman's voice included, and I looked at the commission and felt like there's really not another state office where you can help the people more than in the Public Service Commission." Ms. Allen began her involvement more from concern for the financial condition of the state than for any other reason: "I strongly believe that the state government, when you're dealing with money, should be treated like a business. As a little girl I wanted to be a senator. I liked politics, and I've always loved a challenge. I just decided that I would like very much to be State Auditor." Ms. Amos did not "enter politics," it seems, as much as simply find a job there. Much of the work she did as Recording Secretary acquainted her with the workings of the state government. She summed up her experiences this way: "One thing that I've noticed is that there is not any person whom I know who went to college with government service in mind...I was a natural for this job because I already knew everything that went on."

The same mixture of answers emerged when the women named their highest priorities in their jobs. Ms. McDaniel said: "Of course the main concern now is inflation. I think I would have to say inflation because of the way it has hit, particularly in the coal industry. It has shot us all right out of the saddle....it's a tremendous concern." Ms. Allen, displaying a more pragmatic nature, said that she tries to decide where the greatest need seems to be by using the feedback she gets from the public in the form of letters, complaints, and telephone calls. "We

just have to go on a priority of need," she said, and she implied that she reasons that the biggest need will be the request with the loudest voice. Ms. Amos' priorities are more abstract. In her opinion, the most important problem is "Attitudes. I think the attitudes in our area are women's worst enemy...that's what I've found working on the Women's Commission. And another thing that I've always noticed about women—I think Fanny Hurst said it more ably than anyone else—is that a woman has to work twice as hard to go half as far as a man. I think that, even though things are getting better, this is still a real problem."

In commenting on the the dismal reputation that politics generally suffers under today, Ms. McDaniel and Ms. Allen had a few words of advice to offer. Ms. McDaniel feels that it is important to remember that "everyone can make a difference. I think the best way, if you're really unhappy about a situation is to try to learn more about it. When you really know the facts, it is easier to work." Ms. Allen was not so general; instead she talked about the future of the women of this state, saying: "I encourage women particularly to get involved in the legislative branch of the government. I am not for the Equal Rights Amendment—I don't

feel that is the way that we are going to get anywhere...It's not going to be easy. Women are going to have to run and lose."

Each of these women cares deeply about Alabama government. They complained of waste in government spending, duties that were too broad to be handled efficiently, and other problems of the people of the state. Each woman was well-informed, if not informative. Ms. McDaniel and Ms. Allen always limited their answers to the specific question at hand. Ms. McDaniel often elaborated upon a question, but she never exceeded the bounds of a properly informed public official. It was difficult to grasp a firm idea of her personality and private opinions. Ms. Allen seldom elaborated. Her answers were quick and to the point. Her constant smile somehow erected an intangible barrier which kept her at a distance. Ms. Amos, on the other hand, could not talk enough. Her lively answers usually provided insight into her personal life, her past political experiences, and her unique sense of humor. She was a pleasure to listen to and a joy to watch, but her answers seemed insubstantial, hardly more than an enjoyable conversation.



## SCREAMING UP THE WALLS

Again another paper's due  
And I can't seem to get a clue  
About a topic that will do.

I'll just start screaming up the walls.

I'm wasting paper like a fool  
And quickly losing all my cool  
In fact I've just begun to drool

I'll just start screaming up the walls.

My aching fingers are like lead  
And my creativity is dead.  
I'll be better off in bed.

Or I'll start screaming up the walls.

—Marion L. Scott



### WHEN THE FOG SEEPS UP

When fog seeps up from the water's rim  
Shrugs itself over the town  
Lights fade, the city's pulse grows dim,  
White magic settles down.  
A hidden church bell's muffled boom  
Releases weird nocturnal powers  
Which make prosaic buildings loom  
As medieval dungeon towers.  
Pedestrians wink out of sight  
At fifty feet. Light ghosts—  
Cold balls of flame—hang in the the night  
Where once were mere lamp posts.  
You who believe white magic dead,  
The art of Merlin, mystagogue,  
No more, instead walk through a fog.

—Myra Robbins

### TO ALLEN GINSBERG

Out of the star-ship endlessly mocking.  
(Ginsberg, your poem-rocket just crashed.  
I saw it on a midnight clear, standing on top of the A&P.  
Was Marilyn peeping out the window that night?)  
I'd finish this, but Ferlinghetti just dropped by—  
There's an old Myrna Loy flick on tonight  
And there's a cold beer in the 'frig....  
Maybe tomorrow Al.

—by John Brown

### STONEHENGE IS ALL AROUND

Stonehenge is all around.  
We gave them some beads and  
some ball point pens for Stonehenge.  
A few million bucks  
For the London Bridge.  
And  
Then we had steaks at  
the Campbells and ate outside  
on their new deck, made from  
a genuine-freshly-amputated-in-  
California redwood tree.  
My steak was a little too rare,  
but I didn't mind.  
Stonehenge is still there.  
Stonehenge is all around.

—Mark McCullough



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# Dean Cater: look how things have changed.

BY JAN COOPER

"What are women's problems? Isn't there something more to an institution of higher learning than entertaining men in the bedroom? I didn't think women presented themselves in the best light. Did you hear any really good questions?"

Discussing the November meeting between the Auburn University Board of Trustees and the Auburn students, Dean of Women Katharine Cater displayed her well-known impatience with students' concern for what she feels is the relatively insignificant issue of male visitation in women's dormitories. This is the Dean Cater most students know. However, many fail to realize that Katharine Cater has played an important part in the history of women in Auburn. Mrs. Henrietta Davis, a local alum and townswoman who has known Dean Cater since she arrived at Auburn in 1946, convinced the *Circle* that an issue of the magazine devoted to Auburn women without a mention of Dean Cater would be sadly incomplete. Mrs. Davis, a journalist herself, also agreed to help interview Dean Cater in the comfortable surroundings of the Davis' home.

Mrs. Davis began the interview by asking Dean Cater for a few facts for the record. Katharine Cater grew up in Macon, Georgia. She earned an AB degree at Limestone College, an MA degree from Mercer and an MS degree from Syracuse University. She taught school near Spartanburg, S.C., and then at her alma mater, Limestone College, before going to Furman University as the Director of Student Personnel for three years. She returned to Syracuse for further graduate studies, but left graduate school to come to

Auburn University. "Didn't you have butterflies when you came here, anticipating all the responsibility of being a dean of women at the age of thirty-one?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"Well, I didn't know quite what to expect when I arrived. I was somewhat apprehensive over having to be Auburn's Dean of Women. It was challenging because they'd had a lot of problems prior to my coming."

One of the most pressing problems was a shortage of living space for women students. When Dean Cater came, only six women's dormitories existed. Today twenty-four dormitories house approximately three thousand women—a far cry from the days recalled by Mrs. Davis when fifty girls were squeezed into Smith Hall.

Not only has the number and proportion of women students changed since Dean Cater first came to Auburn; the attitudes of the majority of the female undergraduates seem to have changed too. Dean Cater remembers that girls of yesteryear "weren't as rebellious. Of course, there was no women's lib movement at all and people didn't think too much about questioning things. But every year since I've been here the rules have been changed. The girls have met every year and we've discussed them."

"Years ago I recall the girls used to be very concerned about the *group*. I heard girls get up and say, for instance, 'I know I'm mature enough to know what to do, but I know there are other girls who aren't. Consequently, we should have some rules to take care of the whole group.' Now you hear girls say, 'Well, so what? If they can't take care of themselves that's too bad for them.' And that seems a little con-

tradictory because we think about people's now being so concerned about others. But that's sort of the attitude we've heard lately."

On the other hand, Dean Cater does think that today women students take their education more seriously than their predecessors did. "There have always been some excellent women students, and you know, one of the good things about Auburn is that women have been admitted to every curriculum since Auburn's been open. In Georgia, girls couldn't study engineering because they weren't admitted to Georgia Tech. Actually, a girl who came to Auburn filed the suit in Georgia that opened Tech to women. She wanted to go to Tech, but they wouldn't let her. Then she came here, but she did later help get other girls admitted into the Georgia schools. We've never had a great number of women in schools like engineering, agriculture, or vet medicine, but those who've gone into those curricula have always done extremely well because they've had to be highly competitive and very able girls."

"But it used to be that girls didn't think it was so necessary to get a college education. A lot of very bright girls would drop out to do other things. Of course, I have no objection to girls' finding husbands at Auburn—I think it's a great place to find somebody congenial with the same interests and aspirations. Now girls need to be prepared to be married, but they also need to be prepared to have a career. I think more girls are getting their degrees now; a lot of girls who get married still get their degrees. At commencement time you'll see married couples together. Sometimes it's the



boy graduating, sometimes it's the girl."

Dean Cater, who has never been married, emphasizes that "one of the things we try to encourage young women to feel is that they have a choice. It's up to them to decide what they want to do. If they want to get married, I think it's fine, but they don't need to feel dissatisfied, incomplete, unhappy, or that they've failed because they don't get married."

Naturally, vocational counseling is not the only duty of the dean of women. The first direct contact some girls have had with Dean Cater is for discipline. Dean Cater reflected with a chuckle, "Sometimes you make your best friends with people who have discipline problems. It used to be that girls on probation had to see me once a week; so we could get pretty well acquainted during that time. Of course, the important thing is that you let people know you accept them even though you don't accept their conduct."

Surprises occasionally brighten a dean of women's daily routine. The day before the interview, Dean Cater received a rewarding visit from a girl who had disagreed with official policies a year ago. "You recall when we had all the big commotion about doing away with AWS. This girl was a very active member of the opposition," Dean Cater told us. "But she had been away from the campus a while, and she just wanted to stop by to apologize. She said that she felt that she had had the wrong attitude about a lot of things, that she had been opposed to things instead of trying to create something. That was quite an interesting experience, a very gratifying experience, really."

In the middle of the interview Mrs. Davis pointed out: "Katharine enjoys friendships with town people here as well as the university people. She has participated in many local groups: the First Baptist Church, the Presbyterian Community Ministry, the American Association of University Women (AAUW). She signed the petition to form the local League of Women Voters, on whose board of directors she has served. Every year she gives at least one program for the Auburn

Women's Club. Of course, she's always been interested in city, state, and national politics."

Mrs. Davis then slyly asked, "Would you say that you're an old-line Democrat, Katharine?" Dean Cater quickly retorted, "I'd say I'm a Democrat."

More seriously, Dean Cater went on to discuss the women's organization which most interests her, AAUW. "I've been president of the branch here, and then was president of the Alabama division too. It is interesting to me to see that some of the things that AAUW stood for through the years are some of the things that newer women's groups are now working for so busily. For example, AAUW has had a committee on the status of women for years and has been concerned about equal pay for equal work and equal opportunities—which some people think are new enthusiasms."

What was her opinion of the status of women on the AU faculty and administration? Her view was that the situation has improved considerably during the years that she's been here. Did she find it frustrating to be among a very small minority in the administration for so many years? She replied, "I'm sure it must have been frustrating for some women teaching on the faculty, but so far as I'm personally concerned, I haven't felt frustrated because I was the only woman on university councils or committees."

"Many of my friends, my colleagues at other institutions have felt frustration very strongly, but I've never felt intimidated or afraid to express an opinion. I'm not sure that my opinion was always accepted," she laughs, "but I've spoken up all the time. I've always felt that a dean of women and the men of the university should work together. You have to be able to work together successfully. So I've always liked the men, liked to work with them most of the time, and I think that they've always liked me all right."

Throughout the interview Dean Cater kept citing the signs of change in AU which she has seen in the last twenty-nine years. Three national women's honor societies—Alpha Lambda Delta, Cwens, and Mortar

Board—have been established. The number of sororities has risen and AWS has undergone many transformations.

But Dean Cater readily agreed that the situation for Auburn women students still has room for change. The women's athletics program lacks adequate support in Dean Cater's opinion. "Oh, I think that we ought to have more opportunities for women to participate and more financial aid for them. I think there ought to be some money for women's athletics, but I don't think there ought to be as much money as for men because the women's programs aren't as big at this point."

Toward the close of the interview, Mrs. Davis ventured the big question on many people's minds: "Katharine, do you think there will be a dean of women at Auburn after you?" Dean Cater quietly replied, "I don't know; I have no idea, really, what the future will bring."



## ZEN

Did you see me yesterday?

How was I?

I remember lines

Of your face and colors

Of your reflections.

But only faded wishes

Of things I never put to words

Mostly as I imagined you.

But how was I?

I conjure only

images of symbols

The flux of a wind

blowing through my fingers.

—K. C. Pallos



### INTROVERSION

Two girls in the cool autumn air  
Are giggling and eating ice cream.  
As I pass I think, "What a lovely pair"—  
So far from introversion, my conscious stream.

I am the emperor of my own heart,  
Aware, and aware that I am aware,  
And thinking of that rotting ego Sartre.  
What of him could those silly girls eating ice cream care?

—Percy Jones

### LOST WORDS

insignificant details  
that belong only to us  
hidden forever within  
our thoughts  
never to be until  
they slip from their realm  
of obscure darkness  
when mixed words flow easy  
where they settle  
upon the uncaring  
and disperse—

secrets never to be  
ours again  
lost on the ears of strangers

—Janice Bickham



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# WE DO NOT NEED THE E.R.A.

BY BETTY ANNE BENNING

The hearing room was packed with women. Though most of them were from Atlanta, some had come from as far away as Americus to attend the public hearing on Georgia's ratification of the proposed 27th Amendment to the Constitution, the "Equal Rights" Amendment. The spectrum of women included militant feminists, business women, college students, mothers, and political candidates running in the August primary.

Rep. W. W. Larsen, vice-chairman of the House Special Judiciary Committee, opened the hearing and explained that in the interest of fairness to both sides, discussion would be alternately pro and con. He also asked that there be no interruptions so that as many people as possible could be heard.

As most of the women were slow to speak, I gathered my courage and went to do battle against the ERA. After my first few sentences my confidence began to grow and I risked a glance at the audience. My eye was immediately caught by a woman on the Georgians for the ERA Committee, who proceeded to make faces at me, naturally increasing my respect for that group by leaps and bounds. Thereafter, I concentrated my powers of persuasion on the Judiciary Committee.

As the hearing proceeded, both sides represented their point of view fairly eloquently. Unfortunately, for them, the pro-ERA speakers reiterated over and over that the ERA was necessary, reminding the audience that women once could not vote, could not own property independent of their husbands, and could not gain admittance to many schools—all conditions which have not existed for decades.

The ERA is not necessary legislation. It cannot guarantee women

anything that they do not already have. Furthermore, the ERA will have many undesirable effects on the rights and privileges women now enjoy.

The ERA could not challenge discriminatory employment practices (against women) any better than can several laws already on the books. The Equal Pay Act of 1963 obligated employers to pay men and women engaged in interstate commerce equally for equal work. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibits discrimination because of sex. Finally, the Equal Employment Opportunity Act of 1972 guarantees women everything in the field of employment that can be accomplished by legislation. This law is very specific in regard to hiring, pay, and promotion. If an employer treats a woman unfairly, she can file her claim with the government, and the government will pay all of the court costs.

Legislative power already exists to remove inequality between the sexes. If inequality exists in the law and public opinion demands complete equality, then why not remove these inequalities legislatively? Proponents of the ERA answer that question by replying that legislation is a piecemeal approach. They fail to see, however, that by ratifying the ERA, they will be trading one piecemeal approach for another. Instead of working with state legislators and Congress to write laws, amend laws, and repeal laws to remove those inequalities which remain, women will be suing in courts to define the word *equality*, case by case. All that will have been accomplished is to change the forum from the legislature to the courts. The ERA will transfer the power to determine policy in this important area out of the legislature, the branch of government most responsive to the public will, and place it in the judiciary, the branch least responsive.



A good example of legislative remedy of inequality is the passage of a credit bill by the Georgia State Legislature. This bill, which passed by a vote of 168 to 1, forbids any bank, lending institution, retail installment dealer, or other creditor to withhold or limit credit to a person because of sex, race, religion, or marital status. The House's overwhelming approval came only three days after representatives voted 140 to 70 to defeat the ratification of the ERA. House members were more inclined to support this bill because its effects would not be as all-encompassing as the provisions of the ERA.

An area in which women would be adversely affected by the ERA is that of compulsory military service. The House Judiciary Committee reported to Congress that women, including mothers, would be subject to the draft and to combat duty. The official report of Selective Service Director Curtis W. Tarr to President Nixon stated that if the ERA was ratified, the Selective Service would register young women at age eighteen for the draft. Professor Thomas I. Emerson, of Yale Law School, and Barbara A. Brown, Gail Falk, and Ann E. Freeman, members of the class of 1971 of Yale Law School, wrote a comprehensive analysis of the consequences of the



ERA should it be ratified. This analysis, published in the *Yale Law Journal*, stated, "As now formulated, the Amendment permits no exemptions for the military. Neither the right to privacy nor any unique physical characteristics justify different treatment of the sexes with regard to voluntary or involuntary service."

There are several false arguments used by proponents of the ERA to divert attention from the fundamental fact that the ERA will make women subject to the draft equally with men. The first argument is that the draft is ending and the United States will not draft again. All that is needed to answer that statement is the reminder that World War I was called the "war to end all wars" and people declared that never would there be a war of that magnitude again. A second argument is that Congress already has the power to draft women. This statement is true, but misleading, for Congress uses that very power to exempt women. Under the ERA, there would be no alternative. Women would have to be drafted. A third argument is that other countries draft women; therefore drafting women is perfectly acceptable. The only non-Communist country which drafts women is Israel. Israel's size and national emergency make the matter a question of survival. Israel is forced to use all available manpower and womanpower. Even then, the Israelis do not have the absolute equality in their military that the ERA would require in the United States military. Israeli women serve only half as long as men. The women have automatic exemption if they marry or become pregnant. Israeli women are not put into combat with men or in sexually integrated barracks.

Another area affected by the ERA is that of laws which specifically concern women. The ERA would not permit laws dealing with seduction, rape, and prostitution, which apply only to women. Quoting from the *Yale Law Journal*, "Courts faced with criminal laws which do not apply equally to men and women would be likely to invalidate the laws rather than extending or rewriting them to apply to men and women alike." The ERA will affect

protective labor legislation as well. Women who work in industry are protected by laws, provisions in union contracts, and company policies, which would be invalidated by the ERA. The laws include restrictions on the amount of weight a woman can be required to lift, regulations against women being forced to work overtime, requirements for rest periods, and the provision of a cot or lounge chair for women's restrooms. To a woman in a professional job these regulations may seem unnecessary; but to women in factories and industrial jobs the regulations are very important. Not all of the laws which treat men and women differently are discriminatory, nor should they be abolished. In the workforce, "equality" cannot always be achieved through "identity of treatment." The middleclass women who lobby for the ratification of the ERA will, at best, be liberating only themselves—at the price of adding to the exploitation of the 60% of the female working force, who hold low-paying or menial jobs.

These women desperately need what protection they now have.

Of the states which have ratified the ERA, Nebraska and Tennessee have rescinded ratification and legislators in nine other states have submitted resolutions to rescind ratification. State Senators and Representatives in Tennessee felt so strongly about the ERA that they sent letters to legislators in states considering the ERA urging them to vote "no."

If we want to help women in business, professional, domestic, and political relationships, we must turn elsewhere than the ERA. As Professor Paul Freund, of Harvard Law School, said,

The choice between the Equal Rights Amendment and specific legislation to accomplish desirable goals is like the choice between a single broad spectrum drug with uncertain and unwanted side-effects and a selection of specific pills for specific ills.



## ANOTHER COMING

A handsome man, his face blase and bland,  
Has told me rather frankly he was bored,  
Bored with the little wretches rushing toward  
Apocalyptic doomsday, bureau-planned.

The summer moon still floats through placid skies,  
Unregulated by our agencies;  
And wanton waves still dance on wine-dark seas  
While we construct the earthly paradise.

Someday, perhaps, God will sit down with man  
At an ash-tray-laden table to confer;  
Archangels and consulting specialists  
Can ghost-write speeches on the hashed-out plan.  
Then a hard-eyed, sweating, brusque photographer  
Will snap the handshakes of the protagonists.

—Susan Skelton



## SON OF THUNDER, SON OF LIGHT

I raved and ranted all alone in my shell of a room one day, cursing  
after returning from the sweatsoaked corners of a reality clean  
wrenched from its hinges. English professors of the old old school  
with oiled ancient twin edged swords had smote the life from my  
hard young veins, replacing virgin nothing blushes of ideas with  
fornicating phrases pulled in direct dull adeptness from the PMLA.  
But die I would not, choosing to rage in the embers of a small  
twig fire.

I went to the closet  
pulling from the highest shelf  
a dusty and battered  
bright green cape,  
donned my dirtiest pair of long underwear,  
and stood proudly coupled with my full  
length mirrored image—AND GOD! IT WAS GRAND!

But the thrill waxed swiftly. In a few moments I stood before my  
mirror, a longhandled clown in vacuum stillness.

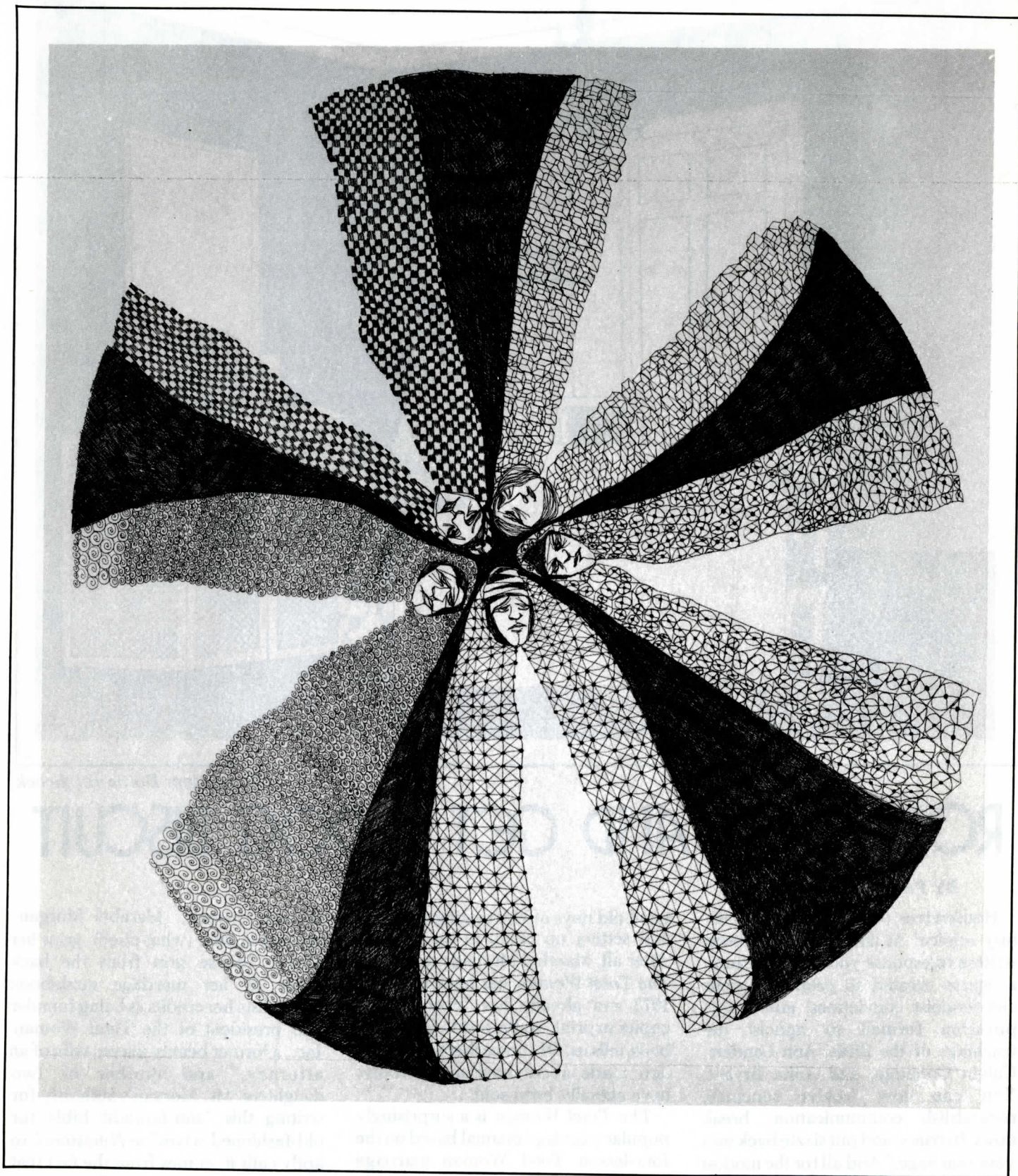
Then their spectres turned on me  
standing revolt at the sight,  
A voice cried within me, I am  
John, the Son of Light!  
Your pallid grey faces  
Reflect a fool's blunder,  
But I stand detected  
The true Son of Thunder!

The force was so great that the room was illumined by the sheer  
brilliance of lunacy. I crashed through the window, splinters and  
shingles flew as I hit the grass, a dull thud. With a lick on the  
face from my cow, Theodore Dreiser, I was Lazarus returned from  
the dead. I mounted her swiftly and sounded my call with a flugel  
horn I'd borrowed from a girl down the hall.

It was late afternoon  
and the profs were all leaving.  
I charged into their midst  
and soon began cleaving.  
Their heads hit the pavement  
and broke like tired urns  
that have carried stale water  
and dried up brown ferns.  
But their bodies never faltered  
and gathered upright;  
they beat me and bruised me,  
my thunder and light.

—John Wells Warren





By: Andrea Hipp



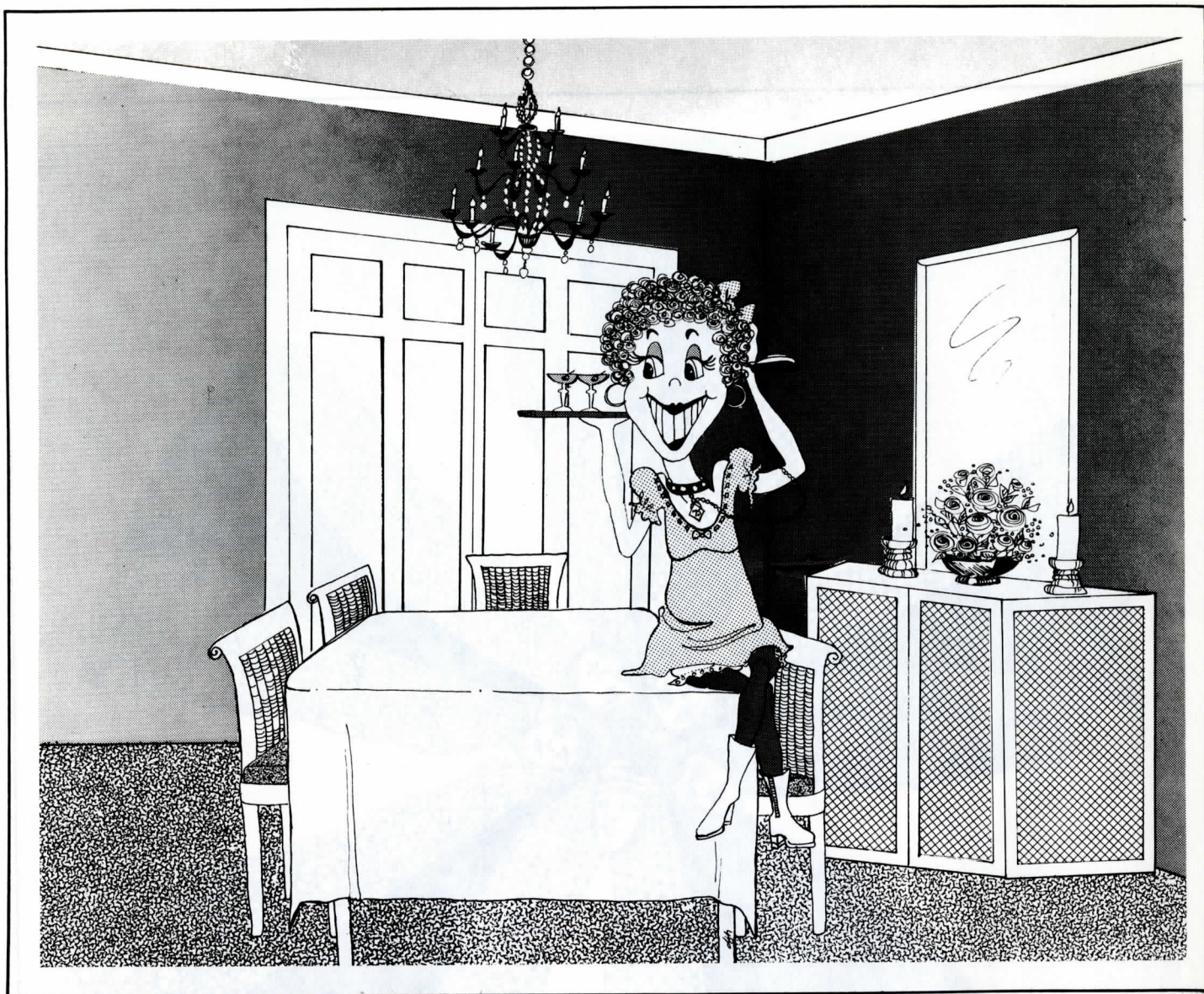


Illustration: Dottie Hitchcock

# ROLL OVER AND GET A DOG BISCUIT

BY PAM SPENCER

Housewives of the nineteenth century rejoice! At last a bible has been written to espouse your Puritan cause; a course created to propagate your anti-feminist convictions; and a corporation formed to uphold the teachings of the Bible, Ann Landers, Calvin Coolidge, and Anita Bryant. You can now "revive romance, reestablish communication, break down barriers, and put sizzle back into your marriage." And all for the modest price of \$5.95! What's that? You say this is the twentieth century? Well, no matter. There still must be plenty of "girls" around who remember the

good old days of kowtowing to hubby and setting up camp in the kitchen. After all, Marabel Morgan's new rage, *The Total Woman*, has been out since 1973 and already has "over 200,000 copies in print" so the inside flap of the book tells us. Of course there's no mention made about how many copies have actually been sold....

*The Total Woman* is a surprisingly popular marriage manual based on the four-lesson Total Woman marriage enrichment course, a nationwide program founded by the author after successfully revitalizing her own floundering marriage. The Total

Woman herself, Marabel Morgan dressed in pink (what else?), grins her Minnie Mouse grin from the back cover of her marriage guidebook which lists her credits as being founder and president of the Total Woman, Inc., a former beauty queen, wife of an attorney, and mother of two daughters. Ms. Morgan's authority for writing this "anti-feminist bible for old-fashioned wives" as *Newsweek* so aptly calls it, comes from the fact that she learned to cope with her own marital problems and wanted to share the secret of her newfound bliss with other less-than-satisfied housewives.



The book is divided into four parts for no apparent reason other than to give the reader a break, and the four parts are even more illogically subdivided into fourteen chapters, which in turn are subdivided into 54 sections. That, together with the first-grade-size print may account for the fact that little is really said in all of the 188 pages.

In the introduction Marabel fills us in, soap opera style, on the events that led to the creation of *The Total Woman*. We follow her descent from fantasy into reality: from dreams of "ruffly curtains in the kitchen window, strawberries for breakfast, and lovin' all the time" through the blissful hours of "folding Charlie's shirts and spending hours making goodies for him," right on down to the realization that "Charlie had been the silent type all along" and "we've got settled love." Then we dry our eyes as Marabel delves into marriage books, self-improvement courses, books on psychology, and of course, the *Bible*. With Marabel's application of some of the basic principles from these sources, Charlie once again begins to share his dreams and activities "eyeball to eyeball" with her (such imagery!). Not only that, but good old Charlie begins bringing her gifts ("Aye, there's the rub!")—a new refrigerator-freezer and a redecorated family room no less. At last we get to the true motivation for spreading the word—goodies. Throughout this wonderfully blatant work Marabel reinforces her primary premise—roll over and you'll get a dog biscuit.

She documents her claims of riches with evidence reported by various students of the Total Woman course: "He has never brought me a gift before, but this past week he bought me two nighties, two rose bushes, and a can opener!" "Her husband loved her new body so much he bought her a new wardrobe." "He wants to give me money all the time! I'm going to start taking it just to make him happy!" Hmmm. "The Total Woman is in heaven—a beautiful suite overlooking the Atlantic Ocean in the heart of San Juan—new gorgeous luggage in my closet . . . that course is powerful stuff!" Indeed.

In a tone that whispers "gather

'round girls, have I got a deal for you," Morgan makes a few suggestions, backs them up with misplaced quotes from an odd assortment of characters from Shakespeare to Ann Landers, and ends each part with an assignment, presumably taken from the Total Woman course being taught around the country. Following part one, "The Organization Woman," the Total Woman's assignment is to write out her philosophy of life, list her strengths and weaknesses, set goals, etc. After "Man Alive" part two, her second assignment is to list her husband's faults and virtues (this should be more fun) and then think only of his virtues. She is instructed to admire hubby every day: "Refer to his virtue list," Morgan says, "if you need a place to start." Then the T.W. must accept his friends, food, and lifestyle as her own. For as Marabel says, "God planned for woman to be under her husband's rule." She must have sensed my reaction because immediately following that line she writes "Now before you scream and throw this book away, hear me out."

So I finished reading about how God ordained man to be the head of the family, how when this order is reversed the system usually breaks down within a short period of time, how a T.W. is not a slave—she graciously chooses to adapt to her husband's way for "he may even choose to spoil her with goodies," how a husband wants a wife "with dignity and opinions and spunk but one who will leave the final decision to him," and how even Queen Margrethe II of Denmark takes second place in marriage so "can we queens do less?" I finished reading about how a wife cannot be grateful if she's grasping for her rights and how it is only "when a woman surrenders her life to her husband, reveres and worships him, and is willing to serve him, that she becomes really beautiful to him. She becomes a priceless jewel, the glory of femininity, his queen!"

Then I screamed and threw the book away.

Part three is entitled Sex 201 for those who are hesitant about reading the heavy stuff unless it offers at least a semblance of academic accreditation. It is in this part that the true Marabel is

revealed. After likening the female body to "what real estate people call 'curb appeal,'" Marabel tells her followers that sex is as "clean and pure as cottage cheese" and then proceeds with a list of suggestions that sounds like an excerpt from *The Happy Hooker*. "Costumes bring a surefire response," she insists and tells about the pink baby doll pajamas and white boots that cause husband Charlie to drop his briefcase on the doorstep and chase her around the dining room table. "Can't you just imagine Junior on the sandlot telling his friends, 'I've got to go now guys. Got to see Mom's outfit for tonight?'" Can't you just imagine Freud's response to that?

To assure a satisfying sexual relationship, Ms. Morgan also advocates a personal relationship with God (after all, it was God who gave Adam and Eve "the urge to merge"), spraying the sheets with cologne, candlelight dinners, even seduction under the dining room table. The assignment at the end of this part calls for the reader to be "prepared mentally and physically for intercourse every night this week." Now you know everything you wanted to know about Marabel but were afraid to guess!

In part four, "Building Bridges," Ms. Morgan discards many of the amusing platitudes that saturate the first part of the book, and settles down to some plain old-fashioned preaching. Oddly enough, this last part of the book, though less interesting than the rest from a critical viewpoint, probably contains the most easily digestible material. Appealing to common sense this time, Ms. Morgan pleads for patience, communication, openness, and understanding between spouses. She asks for the same relationships between parents and children. In fact when she starts talking about unconditional love and acceptance, I'm almost taken in; but then I get to a line such as "if God wanted parents to be permissive, He would have given us the Ten Suggestions instead of the Ten Commandments!" and I welcome the old Marabel back with a sneer.

All totaled, *The Total Woman* is a total literary disaster but, nonetheless, one of the most entertaining books I've ever read.





## THE WORLD'S A TOY MOBILE

That mobile above

him

Is, for the moment,

The object of his thoughts:

he looks at

It

The way I look at the world:

it amuses

him, it

puzzles him, it

scares

him, and I wonder

Where

the

world

is

Headed and for how long;

my thoughts are again

Defeated,

Interrupted by cries from Baby's crib:

the toy above

him

Stopped moving, and I cry

out too,

But.

—Anthony Murphy

Thinking slow on cloudless days  
I bathe myself in cleansing rays  
washing thoughts within my mind  
hanging them on Yesterday's line.

—Thomas A. Coolidge

## A NEW LOVE

From my lover's arms  
I go to the bosom of my friends.  
Their arms swing me about,  
Drunken with their passionate mockery  
At irony laid bare  
Both quickly and heavily.

Though I know it well,  
That boisterous air now leaves me cold,  
And longing for that loveliness,  
I cannot feel that fine madness  
With which we raged into the night.

My lover's gift is pure and sudden,  
And I sink wonderfully lost  
Into the chasm from which  
I do not return, only awake.

—Percy Jones



## THE MOMENT

Find the arrow  
draw it, slowly, silently from the buckskin quiver  
travel, ravel down the shaft, the clawed straightness  
of feathers.

Pick up the gleaming arc,  
a polished wooden bow,  
bent to perfection.

They are drawn together.  
Pull, tug, feel the taut  
force of a moment frozen  
in the question.

—John Wells Warren



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## NEWS OF FATHER

I hear the roads you travel are bad.  
I wonder how you sleep knowing  
where you are, where you left me.  
I hear of your women,  
see your hands beneath wide skirts.  
I dream you are in Mexico  
armed with women. When I  
hear Cisco laugh,  
I thumb across Louisiana and  
south Texas before I lose  
your trace and am brought  
back to fat faced Alabama  
girls and Lorch diamond shops.  
Listening to stories of your guitar,  
sounds of cat gut string.

—Psiu Do Nim



## - scene -

### FICTION BY BARRY SHUMPERT

The young woman and young man wore light jackets which he kept closed tightly about them both by reaching one arm around her, pulling her against his side, and putting his hand in her far pocket. He overlapped that hand with his other which was in his own pocket. The front had swept through during twilight and they were unprepared for the night's chill. They hurried toward the flashing marquee, laughing from the new cold.

"And I've always wanted to be a forest ranger," she joked at herself, "and to live in Canada. Brr."

He laughed too and said, "My ambition is to be a blind man selling pencils on the sidewalk in front of the five and ten in some small, homogenized town."

She signaled her aghastness with a sound that could have been an imitation of a child sending off a single shot from a make-believe machine gun, "Eck," and then, twenty quick strides later, her tentative recovery: "Yeah. Sure. That's easy, just dig out some old clothes and a pair of beat-up sunglasses and—"

"No!" he responded, too quickly to have possibly considered filtering the horror and repudiation from his voice. "I mean really blind, and maybe crippled too, otherwise it wouldn't work."

"What wouldn't work?"

"Oh," (surprised) . . . "I don't know . . . the holiness, I guess, or something . . . The holiness that's in your eyes when you ask a question like that."

Only the girl in the ticket booth watched as he suddenly stopped and kissed her, and her eyes remained calm and dry and "one-fifty each, please." The people in the warm lobby didn't even look around when he mowed them all loudly down through the glass wall with a single jerking sweep of his forearm and extended index finger.

### WINTER TREE

On a cold night,  
The moon and stars the only lights,  
The tree is seen.  
Each branch,  
Dark and quiveringly motionless,  
Spreads from the base,  
Arising as part of the silvery earth;  
Each branch,  
Sharp and distinct,  
Follows its own separate illogical path.  
All branches, together,  
Meet to form  
The winter tree,  
In its simple, naked beauty.

—Ann R. Higginbotham

### THE FLOAT AND TETHER OF LOVE

Green on green, details in a landscape  
Of two faces. Picasso would paint them  
All angles and distortions,  
Because they are exceedingly ordinary:  
The two heads on separate bodies,  
The pairs of eyes staring,  
The coupled hands.  
The only ties are those of hand and eye.  
Yet we resemble one another...  
Yet love-line broken in the palm,  
The curiously absent lifeline,  
The blond hairs whorling crooked fingers.  
We favor, you and I. We are alike. We are the same.  
Those people are somebody else.

—Pat Keller





# Jack mountain

## CONFESSION OF A DEADLY SIN



Some have called my messages herein cryptic, and one has dismissed them as “word, words, words.” ’Tis difficult not to yield to the temptation to demolish my critics with a choice quotation from John, a discussion of the nature of the Apocalypse, and an explication of one William Shakespeare’s use of “words, words, words” with devastating force to put in place a rash intruder—a meddlesome busybody whose lucid platitudes have, ironically, served as moral commonplaces ever since.

However, I shall forego further indulgence of the temptation, not because I am above the sweet sin of vindication but because I have a more urgent task: confession of a secret sin

unacknowledged for so long that its festerings trouble my slumbers and plague my waking dreams.

There is one in our midst whom I envy above all other mortals who ever trod the face of the earth—one who has achieved what I would have done had I but been possessed of his vision and his courage to act. In the silence of the night, in the bustle of the crowd, and during the turmoil of war and the tranquility of peace, he has moved from hamlet to hamlet, town to town, city to city, and country to country leaving the impress of his name.

All across our great country, into Europe, Africa, and South America—everywhere I have been and walked nameless and unknown—he has

preceded me and usurped the fame that I covet in vain. People admire him, envy him, marvel at him, and wonder about him, but none cast aspersions upon him. He is beyond slander, censure, harassment, or detention. He concerns himself not with material goods: avarice, gluttony, and pride of social rank or political place touch him not.

The more I confess the more envious I become, the deeper grows my sin. Will purgation never come?—But enough, slowly the light dawns and envy becomes admiration. Since I cannot fill thy shoes, oh great one, I begin my expiation with further exaltation: Kilroy, the world hath need of thee.



*Photography: David Marks*



